

COUNTRY LIFE

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RITA MARTIN.

MISS PETRONEL LAYLAND-BARRATT.

74, Baker Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

THE SCOURING OF THE WHITE HORSE

THE letter of Mr. Christopher Hughes with regard to the state of neglect which has befallen the famous White Horse cut in the chalk of our Berkshire Downs above Uffington, raises questions which have been agitating the minds of antiquarians for some time. The old Horse wants scouring badly. The attention of the Berks Archaeological Society and of the Wilts Archaeological Society has been called to the matter, and it might not be difficult to raise sufficient funds for the purpose. The letter of Mr. Hughes published in these pages has already produced the offer of a subscription towards a scouring. But the authorities of the local antiquarian societies feel that they are treading on delicate ground. The Horse is not yet a "national monument." It is private property, and owners of horses do not care about strangers entering their stables and grooming their steeds. The land belongs to the Earl of Craven, whose ancestors, since the days of the public scourings ceased, have on several occasions cleared off the weeds and renewed the form of the horse, and we have no doubt that the present Earl, when his attention has been called to the matter, will perform the like good service, so that the noble animal may renew its youth. The last scouring was, we believe, made by Lady Craven in 1891. In the Diamond Jubilee year, 1897, it was proposed to renew the scouring, together with the old festival and pastimes so charmingly described by Tom Hughes in his well-known book, "The Scouring of the White Horse." That memorable festival took place on September 17th and 18th, 1857. The lovers of old customs would have rejoiced to attempt to revive the old games and pastimes, and the present writer had a correspondence with Mr. Justice Hughes with reference to the possibility of restarting this festival; but he was of opinion that the changed conditions of rural life, the spread of education and other causes, had so transformed the race of Berkshire villagers, that it would be impossible now to hold, with any success, the old simple rustic festival which delighted our forefathers sixty years ago.

It is interesting to note some of the previous scourings of which White Horse Hill has been the scene. Mr. Wise, who wrote a famous letter in 1736 to Dr. Mead, speaks of the scouring as a ceremony which "from time immemorial has been solemnised by a numerous concourse of people from all the villages round about." The first scouring of which we have any authentic information was held in 1755, when the programme of sports was very similar to that of a century later. The chief prize for back-sword play was won by a stranger who held his own against all

the old "gamesters." As soon as he had won the prize he jumped on his horse and rode away. It was whispered that he was Tim Gibbons of Lambourn, about whom some strange stories were afloat. A great-grandson of his stated that Tim was a blacksmith at Lambourn, who took to the road and became a noted highwayman. Once the constables tracked him down to a barn where he was hiding with two of his companions. They put ropes round the barn-yard and lined them up, but Tim cried out "as he'd show 'em what a Englishman could do, and mounted his hos and drewed his cutlash, and cut their lines a-two and galloped off clean away." He prospered and built The Magpie on Hounslow Heath. But he was caught at last and hanged at Newgate. The next scouring took place in 1776, concerning which the following handbill was published:

WHITE HORSE HILL, BERKS, 1776.

The scouring and cleansing of the White Horse is fixed for Monday, the 27th day of May; on which day a Silver Cup will be run for near White Horse Hill, by any horse etc. that never run for anything, carrying 11 stone, the best of 3 two-mile heats, to start at 10 o'clock.

Between the heats will be run for by poney's a Saddle, Bridle and Whip; the best of 3 two-mile heats, the winner of 2 heats will be entitled to the Saddle, the second best the Bridle, and the third the Whip.

The same time a Thill Harness will be run for by cart horses & 2 in their harness and bells, the carters to ride in snock frocks without saddles, crossing and jostling, but no whipping allowed.

A Fitch of Bacon to be run for by asses

A Good Hat to be run for by men in sacks, every man to bring his own sack.

A Waistcoat, 10s. 6d. value, to be given to the person who shall take a bullet out of a tub of flour with his mouth in the shortest time.

A Cheese to be run for down the White Horse Manger.

Snocks to be run for by ladies, the second best of each prize to be entitled to a Silk Hat.

Cudgel playing for a gold-laced Hat and a pair of buckskin Breeches, and Wrestling for a pair of Silver buckles and a pair of Pumps.

The horses to be on the White Horse Hill by nine o'clock.

No less than four horses &c or asses to start for any of the above prizes.

The same list of sports appears in subsequent years, save that in 1776 there was a gingling match by eleven blindfold men and one unmasked, hung with bells, for a pair of buckskin breeches. Sometimes as many as 30,000 persons were present to watch the pastimes. The race for men down the Manger must have been very thrilling. A wheel of a waggon was set rolling down the hill, and whoever caught it received the prize of a cheese. An old man thus described the race:

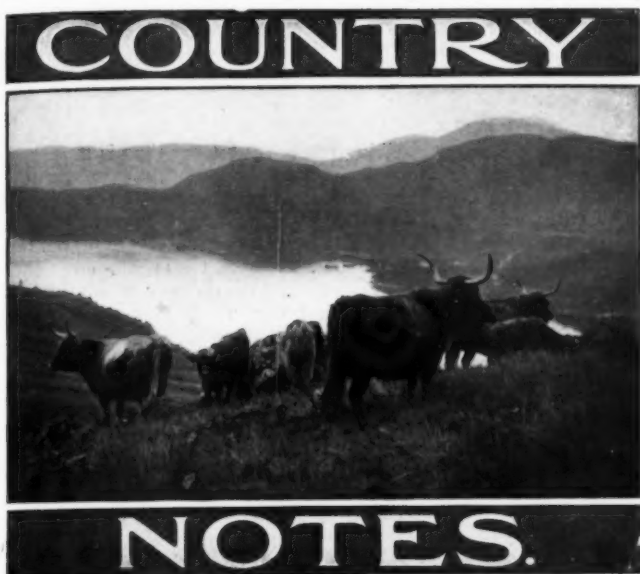
Eleven on 'em started, and amongst 'em a sweep chimney and a millard; and the millard tripped up the sweep chimney and made the soot flee a good 'un.

The recollections of rustics record the heroes of old, Blackford of "Zummersetshire," Flowers and Ellis from the same county, Harry Stanley, landlord of The Blowing Stone, who were the champions of the back-sword play; "Varmer Smallbwones" of Sparsholt, who earned the name of "Varmer Greatbwones," because "he beat all the low-country chaps at wrestling," and a host of others. Even the names of those who won prizes for grinning through horse-collars are not forgotten—"a fine bit o' spwoort to be shure and mead the volks laaf." Shaw, the Life Guardsman, who afterwards died at Waterloo, in 1808, contended here in the back-sword play and won the prize. In addition to the games there seems to have been "all the fun of the fair." In 1843 Wombwell's menagerie was conveyed up the hill, and the dragging up of the elephant's caravan presented some difficulty—twenty-four horses were put to, but it stuck fast four or five times. It does not seem to have occurred to the Berkshire folk that it would have been simpler to turn the elephant out and make him pull his own caravan up the hill. After the famous scouring in 1857 described by Judge Hughes the chroniclers are silent. Village festivals have fallen gradually into disuse, and it were vain to hope to revive them. But though the old hill is very silent and deserted now, we hope that the noble owner will see to it that the Berkshire Horse shall not be allowed to run away or perish; and if he likes not the task, many willing hands will be ready to assist him in the work and to preserve for another generation this interesting national memorial.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Petronel Layland-Barratt. Miss Petronel Layland-Barratt is the second daughter of Sir Francis Layland-Barratt, Bart., M.P. for the Torquay Division. Her mother is a daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Layland of Stonehouse, Wallasey.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



A VERY plain hint has been given to the drivers of motor-cars by the Local Government Board in the circular which they have addressed to county councils and town councils of boroughs with a population of over 10,000. The document is probably meant as an intimation that, unless the evils connected with the motor traffic are abated, sterner measures will have to be taken. In this case one cannot blame the officials for what has been done; but, at the same time, we believe that the majority of those who are in the habit of using the roads will agree that a result of the agitation that has taken place recently is very visible in the more considerate and orderly management of motor-cars. The writer of this note, at any rate, has been very much struck with the change as seen on one of the great roads leading out of London. As far as his observation goes, nearly all motors are now driven at a moderate speed and with due respect for the rights of other users of the road, the pedestrian, the cyclist and those who drive other carriages. Public opinion is, after all, one of the greatest forces, and if it can be brought to bear on that small minority of motorists who seem to think the world was made for their pleasure, the evil will cure itself. The drastic legislation which is being called for in some quarters is, we hope, neither necessary nor desirable. After all, the new mode of locomotion is a discovery that ought to be cherished and nursed rather than discouraged.

If the ill omens should come true this year, and the winter be notable for distress and lack of employment, it is to be hoped that encouragement will be given to the Vacant Lands Cultivation Society. The work of the body was begun by the loan to them on the part of the Gas-Light and Coke Company of the free use of three acres of land. These were divided up among twenty-four men, who set to work, and in the course of the year grew vegetable produce to the value of about £40 an acre. Early in the present year the same company granted the use of another five acres, upon which forty men were set to work, and in June seventeen more acres were obtained, making twenty-five acres in all. Upon this area two hundred men are now employed, and although it is not possible yet to calculate the value of their produce, there is every likelihood that they will do as well as their predecessors. At any rate, they will grow some vegetables to eat and some to sell. This is a very proper way to help those who are out of work. It does not pauperise them, because the funds of the society are not devoted to the bestowal of alms of any kind, but for the preliminary preparation of the soil and for the payment of an instructor and for seed. The last item is not a gift, but is ultimately repaid by the men. There are many vacant pieces of ground which are, in the builder's phrase, "maturing"; and while they are vacant they could very well be devoted to the provision of productive work for the unemployed.

The question raised by the butchers of having a warranty with every animal they buy is one of very wide bearing, and we hope to deal with it fully in another issue of the journal. As matters stand, no doubt difficult cases arise. One came before the notice of the writer very recently. At a public auction a farmer sold a fat bullock to a butcher for £19 10s. The latter afterwards came to the vendor and said that he had made a mistake. The bullock on being cut up had an internal disease that made a part of the meat at least unsaleable. Naturally the farmer refused to give back any of the price that had been paid. He had acted entirely in good faith and was completely ignorant of any disease; indeed, to all appearance the animal was an exceptionally fine one to look at, as was

proved by the fact that it brought one of the best prices at the sale. If there had been a warranty, it is evident that the farmer would have had to suffer, whereas under the present arrangement he was able to say to the butcher, "Caveat emptor." But if this seems to show that a warranty is good, it may also be suggested that the consumers of meat are entitled to the same safeguard. It would probably make a considerable difference to many butchers if they were obliged to give a warranty that the meat sold as English had really been produced in this country.

It is unfortunately true that whenever a period of commercial dulness or stagnation sets in labour troubles begin. Just now the newspapers are full of them. Lancashire seems about to witness a great strike, and there is trouble both in the engineering and the ship-building trades. In connection with the latter Sir Christopher Furness has written a letter to the secretaries of the Trade Unions which these functionaries would do well to study. What is most lacking in the unions is a breadth of view. No one in these days disputes their right to bargain and, if necessary, fight for the largest payment they can obtain, but every man knows that a bow may be bent until it is broken altogether. If the Trade Unions exert so much pressure that businesses have to be given up, their original design will be frustrated in the most complete manner. But this is the gist of the message sent to them by Sir Christopher Furness. He shows that ship-building is only a branch of the business of the firm of which he is chairman, and that it is impossible to conduct it profitably as long as it is liable to interruptions by the action of the Trades Unions. To illustrate his point, he says that his firm lost £17,000 during the last year in ship-building. Obviously then the workmen must either agree to take a more reasonable view of the situation, or run the very great danger of being driven completely out of work.

THE SHADOW.

Beautiful, dainty thing,
With your garments of summer blue
And your eyes that dance and your gems that glance,
How the sunshine smiles on you!
What is that crouched by the wall,
Haggard and lean and wan,
Whose ancient rags on the ashens flag
You could almost touch with your fan?
Beautiful, dainty thing,
With your braveries all astir,
Vibrantly bright in the glowing light,
Your shadow falls on her.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

One who had a considerable following in his day as a poet has passed away in the person of Dr. Walter C. Smith. He was in his eighty-fourth year, but up to the very last took a vivid and lively interest in the affairs of his time, and it is only about twelve months since he issued a new edition of his poems. Much has changed since "Olrig Grange" appeared, and "Hilda Among the Gods" probably does not appeal to this generation as it did to those who hailed its first appearance. Dr. Walter Smith could not properly be called, at any time, a great poet, but he was a man of liberal thought and profound culture who gave voice to many of the thoughts of his generation. He was one of a clever Edinburgh society that included among its members Professor Blackie, Professor Masson and many others who have now passed to the other side of the great dividing line. His poems may not be widely read by those who come after him; but they had an educative and salutary influence on his contemporaries, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that not one line or word of them was on the wrong side.

The horticultural world has sustained a severe and irreparable loss in the death of Mr. George Nicholson, F.L.S., V.M.H., which occurred at his residence at Kew on the 20th inst. after a very long illness. In 1886 he was appointed curator of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, in succession to the late John Smith, a position he held until July, 1900. His combined knowledge of practical horticulture and botanical science rendered him eminently suitable for such a post, and horticulture owes much to his researches. "The Dictionary of Gardening," prepared and edited by him in 1885, is still regarded as the standard encyclopædia of plants in this country. In addition to being made a Fellow of the Linnean Society, he was, in 1894, awarded the Veitchian Medal by the Royal Horticultural Society in recognition of his services to horticulture, and since then he has been awarded the Victorian Medal of Horticulture by the same society.

On Saturday last, in place of the late Professor Churton Collins, Dr. Robertson Nicoll unveiled a statue to James Boswell, the biographer, at Lichfield. A satirical commentator in one of Monday's papers insinuated that the British public is in danger

of magnifying Boswell at the expense of Johnson. He stated that we valued the writing of the biographer more than the subject of it. Dr. Robertson Nicoll, in placing his biographical work "first and the rest nowhere," re-echoed what has been constantly said about the Life of Johnson. Yet it is very doubtful if many people read this Life with the avidity with which they seize upon other writings of the same character. Dr. Robertson Nicoll pictured the Life of Johnson on a sublime eminence, about which there might be grouped some dozen biographies of lesser magnitude and at considerable distance. What these are it would not be easy to specify, though Lockhart's Life of Scott has been compared to "Bozzy's" Johnson, Froude's Life of Carlyle is a stronger and more inspiring work despite its inaccuracies, and Southey's Life of Nelson holds almost an equal place in the Temple of Fame. In a word, the new generation has some reason to be sceptical of the pre-eminence accorded to James Boswell. Of the British public it may be said that if you give them an inch they will take an ell, and the well-deserved praise of James Boswell has been magnified ten thousand times over by a public that is always going to extremes.

It is rather curious to see how the little Shetland ponies continue to command comparatively high prices. At a recent sale at Earlshall in Fifeshire 115 of these ponies changed hands at a total figure of £1,634 16s., which brings out the average price at £14 4s. 3d. The highest figure given for a single pony was 45 guineas, for a three year old colt. Many people in the South of England are much interested in the Shelties, notably Lord Arthur Cecil, in the New Forest, and the Ladies Hope, sisters of Lord Linlithgow, in Kent. Some of the Shetlands are employed as pit ponies, but the pit ponies which are commonly used are larger. At Ilkeston in Derbyshire the annual show was held recently of pit ponies from the mines in the district. It is an excellent institution, the prizes going to the boys who look after the ponies, and its effect is certainly to make these boys take an increased interest in the welfare of the animals in their charge. One of the conditions of the exhibition is that the pony shall not have been above ground more than a week before the date of the show, thus ensuring that the competition shall be restricted to genuine working ponies of the pits.

Every now and again the morning papers bring to our breakfast-tables some true tale of the sea more dreadful than any fiction. One such which we have read lately is that story of the two French sailors picked up in an open boat in mid-Atlantic by the steamship *Lucerna*. The poor fellows had been tossing about in the boat without food or water for five days, and when rescued were so weak that they had to be hauled up the vessel's side. There is evidence of icebergs being in some numbers in Southern waters, and two ships are reported as having put into Monte Video with damage done by collision with bergs of ice. No doubt we are still far from having heard the last word of the damage done to shipping by the furious gales of the early part of the month. They are stated, on no less authority than that of Mr. Dorrien-Smith himself, to have been more severe in the Scilly Islands than any known in those islands for many years, and there is no portion of Great Britain which meets the fury of the south-west winds more directly.

Certainly it has been a very poor year all round for the salmon-netters. On some rivers the season opened fairly, but on nearly all it has ended worse than indifferently, and without any exception that we can learn it has been a very bad grilse year. Now that the netting is over—it closed on the Tweed on September 14th—the best opportunity of the rod-fisher commences, and there is some valid reason to look forward to some good sport. There are said to be a great many salmon at the mouth of the Tweed, for instance; but they did not begin to ascend the river, because the rains did not come in time to give them a chance to go up while the netting was still legal. There should, for that very reason, be the more for the anglers. "You never can tell" might well be taken as a maxim for the angler—especially for him whose quarry is the salmon—but from all that we can see his prospects may be considered hopeful. The Spey has been fishing well since the big flood in the North, and it is said to be "full of fish."

Talk about the weather is not always of profound interest or originality, but there are exceptional conditions of weather on which comment may be made without weariness. Such are the extraordinary rains of the early part of September in the North of Scotland, which raised the level of the Spey and other rivers to a height which they have not touched since the historic flood which is commemorated by inscribed stones set in some of the bridges to show the high-water mark then reached. This latest flood in the North was just before the remarkable thunder-storm in Kent which gave Canterbury an appreciable fraction over an inch of rain in something like twenty minutes. Again, a little later, and we have the Cairngorm range covered with a really

heavy fall of snow on September 16th. All these events, following a period of drought in early summer which has not many precedents in Scotland and is quite unusual in England, have certainly redeemed the weather of this summer from any charge of dullness.

There is no more striking picture of energy than is presented by a fire-engine dashing through the crowded streets with the traffic drawn up on either side to make way for it; but it is likely that even it will be rendered obsolete at no distant date. A new petrol motor has been invented and subjected to careful trial at Weybridge. The result appears to have been highly satisfactory. The engine is capable of doing thirty miles an hour with a full load on difficult roads. It is fitted with an adaptation of the Gwynne-Sargeant turbine pump, whereby it is possible to discharge 400gal. per minute either from the main or by suction at sufficient pressure to play 2in. or 1in. jets 120ft. high. Here, then, is a new and powerful weapon in the armoury of those who go forth to do battle with that most dreadful of all foes, fire. The trial came off in a most satisfactory manner. The new Dennis engine showed itself capable of throwing from one to four jets of water from nozzles of various sizes to a much greater height than could be reached by the local engine with a single jet. Thus speed and efficiency are combined, and we may look forward confidently to a time when all fire-engines will be driven by mechanical power.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

(After Jean Richepin.)

By haunting fields, woods, brooks, where bird-life throngs,
I, too, from the dear birds have learned their songs.
I'll imitate each voice on fleeting wing;
Like bullfinch pipe, or like the blackbird sing.
I know the note the quail makes in the grain,
Or partridge calling his lost mate again.
Can I not sing the twitt'ring song that passes
From warblers' throats when darting through the grasses?
Do not I know the scale that trills so high
When the rapt lark is trembling in the sky?
Mark not I those quick passing notes each minute
Betokening the field-lark, finch, or linnet?
Nay, I can make the calis, as each would do,
Of woodpecker, jay, oriole, cuckoo,
Then, copied in my imitative lay
I know the love note of the titmouse gay.
And as a climax in my mind doth ring
The wondrous song of Philomela in spring.
Why then, Mignonne, doth your voice so appear
The most entrancing music I can hear?
Why then do all my bird songs sound less sweet
Than thy words when I'm praying at thy feet?
Ah love! thy gay sweet voice of tender fire
The birds themselves to hear would fain desire.
Come then to fields, woods, brooks, where bird-life throngs
That all the birds may learn thy perfect songs.

A. FRANCIS STEUART.

Every week, we had almost said every day, now witnesses some new record made in the art of flying. On Monday Mr. Wilbur Wright did what has never been done before; under careful observation he stayed in the atmosphere over an hour and a-half, and travelled something like fifty-six miles at a great height and in weather that could not be called favourable. At the beginning of the feat Mr. Wilbur Wright rose to a height of 40ft. and flew in the direction of a flag-post which had been put up to guide him. Ultimately he soared more than 100ft. above the camp. Probably by the time that we again have an opportunity of writing on the subject Mr. Wilbur Wright will have bettered this performance, as he is the greatest expert in an art which at present is only in its infancy; but day by day he is bringing the flying-machine nearer popular use.

Barley has always been considered likely to dry and mature better when mown in swathes and thrown up loose on to the rick. There is, the old farmers say, less chance of wet remaining in the stalk when carried and stacked in that way; but a labourer in the harvest-field lately pointed out to us one advantage that cutting and binding barley by machine has in wet weather over mowing it with scythe. In the latter case the ears were lying touching the wet ground and the grain was growing rapidly discoloured, whereas in the sheaf the ears never touched the ground at all, the rain shot off them and they dried rapidly. The old custom of mowing barley dies hard, but weather such as we have had recently is a powerful argument against it. Barley must be bright to obtain a good price from the brewers, but that price is well worth some trouble to obtain, and it might even be worth while on occasion to untie the sheaves when a fine drying day comes if there is any ground for fearing that wet has penetrated the body of the sheaves which may subsequently do damage in the rick.

SHELL-FISH AND FISHERMEN.

AFTER a tour along the coast, it would be easy to form a number of diverse and contradictory impressions regarding the fishing industry. In most places, as, for example, at Great Grimsby and Hull, it has received a mighty impetus, and by its developments has called into being an entirely new population. To look at the trawlers in a great port is to realise how what used to be the most haphazard of all callings has been systematised and brought into order. The trawl of the modern steam vessel sweeps the floor of the ocean like a broom, and collects its finny inhabitants with such accuracy and minuteness that the wonder is how any escape. In this respect fishing has become a mechanical, we had almost said a mathematical, art. Another sign that testifies to the well-being of those who live by capturing fish is that at Great Yarmouth, or a similar port, during the fervour of the herring season, along a huge quay the silvery herring are heaped up in immense mounds, and an army of tartan-clad, unbonneted girls and women are engaged in the business of cleaning, sorting and packing them. The invasion of the fisher lassie is now looked forward to as one of the events of the year. The picture has a reverse side, however. The capricious herring which now favours Yarmouth has forsaken many a Northern town, the prosperity of which had been practically built upon it. This fish seems to vary in its habits and to wander more than almost any other creature of the deep, and there is no reckoning upon an indefinite continuation of its presence in any one locality. Luckily the herring-fishers are able to follow the movements of the shoals, and the people who used at one time to catch them off the coast of Caithness now come South and do the same thing in Suffolk. But amid this prosperity there is one kind of fisherman who has not shared in the general advance. This is the poor man who still depends upon his line or a primitive net. Along the East Coast one comes upon little colonies of such men, though occasionally the colony consists of only one person. He is usually poor, and in this respect has not changed since the time when the disciples fished in Galilee. The fisherman is nearly always in

periods when it would be suicide for a fishing-boat to put to sea. Candour compels us to own that among the men of whom we have personal knowledge, there is a proportion only too ready to accept the first excuse that may be offered for not going out. It was ever the same—the line fisherman of all times and climates was constantly on the look-out for an excuse not to go out. He got out of bed with the wrong foot in the morning, a raven croaked at the window, a hare was seen rushing from the back garden, thousands of small events such as these



W. Thomas.

NEARLY FINISHED.

Copyright.



W. Thomas. MAKING A NEW CRAB POT. Copyright

literature "a poor fisherman" who wrested his livelihood from the sea at the risk of his own life. Perhaps if he possessed a good business instinct, and averaged his income over the whole year, it would not be so bad; but of no class is it more truthful to say that money comes with the tide and goes with the drum. If there is a good haul, plenty reigns in the cottage till the funds are exhausted. And it often happens that famine, when it sets in, remains longer than is convenient, because in this climate of ours there are

were accepted as warnings that the vocation of fishermen was not to be followed. It is just the same to-day. A fisherman whom the writer employs occasionally is as choke-full of superstition as any of his ancestors could have been. Although in some respects a man of wonderful intelligence, he explains natural phenomena in a way to surprise the scientific student. At this season of the year, for instance, eels are very frequently thrown up dead on the coast. Probably the deep student of fish-life will say that it is the fate of the eels to die after they have produced their ova in deep water. That is the crowning moment of their lives for which they return through many a mile of water and over many an obstacle to the sea, and when it has occurred Nature seems to have done with them. But our old fisherman will not accept this as an explanation. He says that in thundery weather the eels come to the top of the water and put out their noses, which often results in their being struck by lightning and killed instantaneously; hence the dead eels that are to be found along the strand. In other respects our line fisherman is a philosopher; he has not the slightest doubt that his trade has been ruined, and that the sea is being exhausted of its fish, by the deadly trawlers. He swears that they do not observe the three-mile limit, but sweep the sea far and near, killing young and immature fish in a manner more wholesale than they kill those fit for the table. He tells you that it would be impossible to live by the old calling if it were not for the shell-fish, and of the shell-fish the most valuable is, of course, the oyster. It looks well in the returns to see that nearly £300,000 is derived annually from shell-fish in England alone, while rather more than one-third of that sum is produced in Scotland and Ireland. But when the oysters are subtracted it will be found that there is no gigantic gross income to be divided among the poor men who live by catching crabs along the coast. It is true that the crab has, like a great many other fish, gone up much in value of recent years. Time was when few people regarded it as a delicacy, and no small number refused altogether to partake of it. But now the crab commands a respectable price in London clubs and restaurants. It is true that this price bears no correspondence whatever to the

pietance which is given to the fishermen. Those who buy fish for the purpose of retailing it say that the losses and damages are so great as to justify the 100 per cent. or so that they put on in order to obtain a profit. However this may be, it is certain that the catching of crabs is by no means a lucrative occupation. Perhaps we may hope for more success in the future when the work done by Professor Meek and his colleagues is ready to yield fruit. During the past few years much knowledge has been gained of the habits, wanderings and peculiarities of the crab. It has not yielded much practical help to the fishermen yet, but in time may confidently be expected to do so. Man is constantly taking more and more from the sea with his steam machines and great automatic trawl-nets; he is making inroads such as never were made before upon the inhabitants of salt water. For a period this may go on without noticeable effect; but a time must inevitably come when it will be possible no longer. The ordinary productiveness of the sea will no more suffice to meet the demands of mankind than would the ordinary productiveness of the land. Increasing population has obliged us to cultivate the earth and make many blades of grass grow where only one grew before. It seems inevitable that a similar process will have to be applied to what Homer called the unharvested fields of ocean.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE spirit that resteth upon a lie is a spirit in prison," is the sentence, occurring casually towards the end of Mr. Robert Hichens's new novel, which suggested the title to him—*A Spirit in Prison* (Hutchinson and Co.). Strictly speaking, it is more striking than accurate. The spirit does not rest upon a lie unless it is conscious of the falsity, and the heroine of this story, far from resting on a lie, is singularly truthful, and has only been beneficently deceived. In a sense, however, her spirit is indeed in prison. At the birth of her first child she lost her husband, and for some seventeen years cherished his memory as the most perfect of men. It never seemed to dawn upon her that, though a Sicilian, he had been unfaithful, and so she almost worships his image. But the truth of the matter is—and this is the essence of the plot—that Maurice had been unfaithful with a peasant girl, Maddalena, and had been done to death by her indignant parent. The secret is known to two men, one of whom is a faithful servant of the antique type, and the other an ultra-sensitive literary man. These two have never mentioned the secret to one another, but have maintained a noble reserve. Each loves the lady, one with the dog-like affection of an absolute slave, the other with the feeling of an equal. With so much told, the reader will not require to be informed further that this is one of the most introspective of novels. All the same, it is probably the ablest and most finished work that has hitherto come from Mr. Hichens. It may fairly be argued that the copious and minute analysis of emotion and mind is not generally a very healthy kind of literature, but in it Mr. Hichens has achieved a great success. It will be best in his own words to show what the situation was when the story commences. The sentence



W. Thomas. GATHERING BAIT ON THE ROCKS. Copyright.

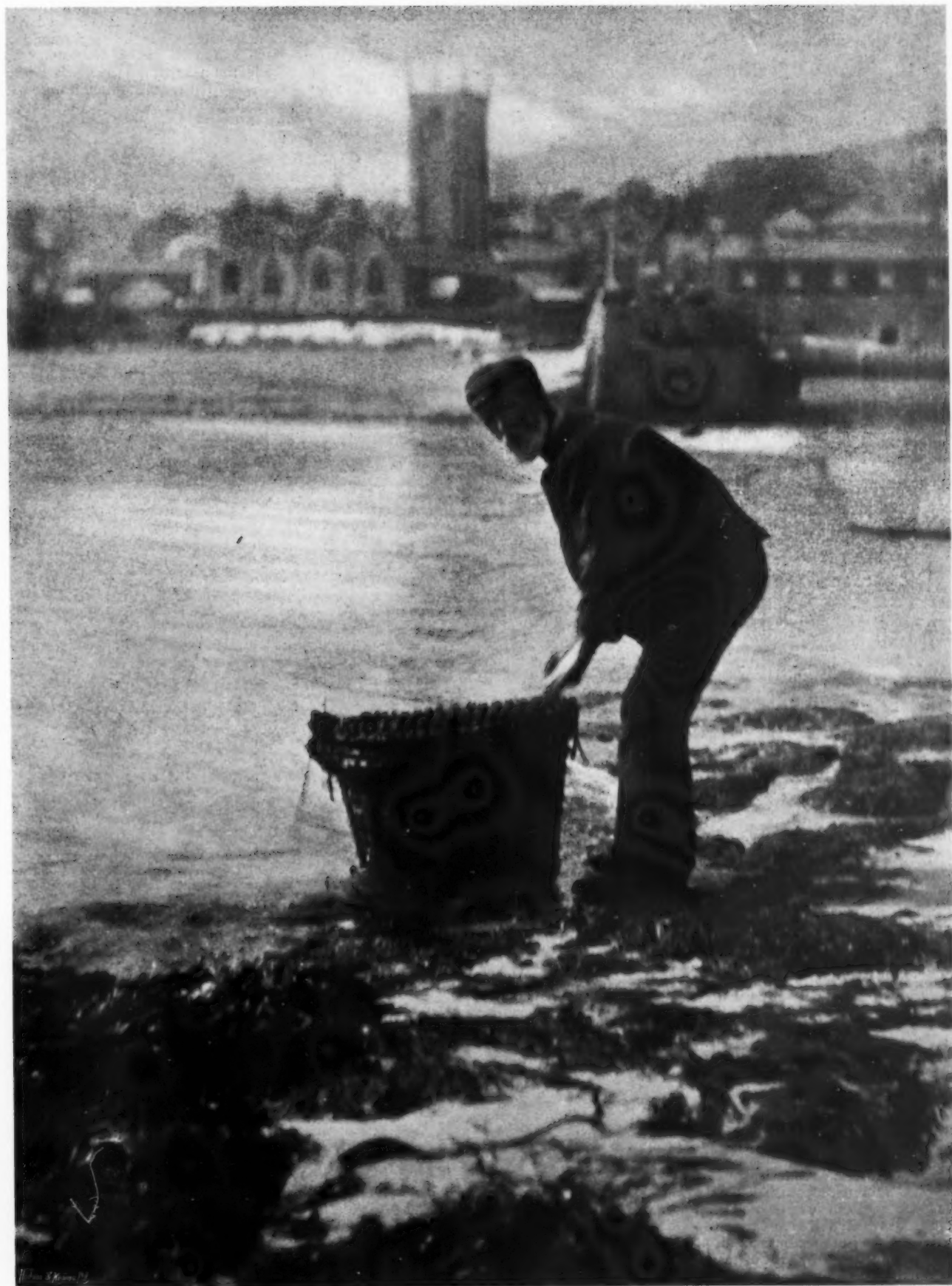
follows an exclamation of Hermione that she had found her life "in loving passionately something that was utterly worthy to be loved." Upon which the narrator makes this comment:

Artois was silent. He knew Hermione's mistake. He knew what had never been told him; that Maurice had been false to her for the love of the peasant girl Maddalena. He knew that Maurice had been done to death by the betrayed girl's father, Salvatore. And Gaspare knew those things too. But through all these years these two men had so respected silence, the nobility of it, the grand necessity of it in certain circumstances of life, that they had never spoken to each other of the black truth known to them both. Indeed, Artois believed that even now, after more than sixteen years, if he ventured one word against the dead man, Gaspare would be ready to fly at his throat in defence of the loved Padrone. For this divine and persistent loyalty Artois had a sensation of absolute love. Between him and Gaspare there must always be the barrier of a great and mutual reserve. Yet that very reserve, because there was something truly delicate and truly noble in it, was a link of steel between them. They were watchdogs of Hermione. They had been watchdogs through all these years, guarding her. And so well had they done her service that now to-day she was able to say, with clasped hands and the light of passion in her eyes: "Something that was utterly worthy to be loved."

When we say that the novel extends to 450 pages, and that its plot consists simply in the breaking up of this deception, it will be seen that Mr. Hichens takes full advantage of his opportunity for introspective analysis. It cannot be said that he is untrue to nature. Most of us know families where this kind of thing is carried to an extreme, as we know of others where it is entirely absent. One man or woman is continually solicitous of being closely in touch with those around him or her, so that in a glance of the eye, in a modulation of tone, are discerned signs of intense tribulation. In contrast to these, there is the family in which each lives a self-engrossed and independent life, meeting the others without question, and often failing to observe those little symptoms that speak of inner peace or disturbance. Much may be said for



W. Thomas. SHELL-FISH AND FISHERMEN: MENDING A BROKEN NET. Copyright.



W. Thomas.

WASHING SHELL-FISH.

Copyright

the latter way of living. Anxiety for the spiritual welfare of others is in its way one of the worries of life, and very seldom is of the slightest advantage to the recipient of it. The average individual, if he knew it, has quite enough to do in working out his own salvation, without wasting his valuable moments in a fruitless attempt to work out that of other people. Still, whatever our opinion may be on this subject, it is certain that the kind of people depicted by Mr. Hichens do exist in the world, and therefore are legitimate material for the artist. It is greatly to his credit as a writer that he has been able to set down page after page and chapter after chapter about the mentality of his characters and has only lapsed into boredom at rare intervals. The book is one that requires very careful reading; it is not like a romance of which one can grasp the points in a hurry. It is difficult to show what we mean by quotation, and yet it is worth making a trial:

And Vere ran off to her room, or the garden, or the Saint's Pool—who knew where?—leaving her mother to say to herself, as she had already said to herself in these last days of the growing summer, "When I said that to Emile, what a fool I was!" She was thinking of her statement that there was nothing in her child that was hidden from her. As if in answer to that statement, Vere was unconsciously showing to her day by day the folly of it. Emile had said nothing, Hermione remembered that, and realised that his silence had been caused by his disagreement. But why had he not told her she was mistaken? Perhaps because she had just been laying bare to him the pain that was in her heart. Her call had been for sympathy, not merely for truth. She wondered whether she was a coward. Since they had returned from Capri the season and Vere had surely changed. Then, and always afterwards, Hermione thought of those three days in Capri as a definite barrier, a dividing line between two periods.

To follow that, take this picture of the "innards" of the girl:

The words and—specially that—the way in which they were spoken made Vere suddenly and completely aware of something that she had perhaps already latently known—that the relation between her mother and herself had, of late, not been quite what once it was. At moments she had felt almost shy of her mother, only at moments. Formerly she had always told her mother everything, and had spoken—as her mother had just said—out of her own heart and desire, with eagerness, inevitably. Now—well, now she could not always do that. Was it because she was growing older? On Men are immensely frank. She had been a child. But now—she thought of the Mareschino, of Peppina, of her conversation with Monsieur Emile in the Grotto of Vergilio, and she realised the blooming of her girlhood, was aware that she was changing. And she felt half frightened, then eager, ardently eager. An impulse filled her, the impulse towards a fulness of life that, till now, she had not known.

The success of the book lies in the detailed manner in which the minds of these two women are mapped out and the changes that take place only indicated. The literary man is something of a

woman, too; at any rate, he has not much of the masculine element in his composition, or it would be impossible for him to spend so much time in yearning. The best of the efforts of Mr. Hichens have been lavished on Hermione, and nowhere have we read a more interesting study of the middle-aged widow. She is afflicted, it is true, with a little of that "yearniness" which affects Artois so badly. It takes the form of a feeling in her mind that she has not found her mission. She has a daughter, and her belief is that if she had had a son her aspirations would have been satisfied by watching and helping his development. She would assuredly have made him a supersensitive, self-conscious, literary person; but that is by the way. At one time she had herself tried to write, but though endowed with an abundance of the feelings that are the material of literature, she did not possess, nor could acquire, the artist's power of expression, and so she gave that up as a failure. When she was just emerging into elderly widowhood she still felt that a great deal of her had never been developed. Her life was not as full and complete as it should have been; hence the real reason for describing her spirit as in prison. The solution is rather curious. As long as she lingered over the memory of her departed husband her life seemed unfulfilled; but when the delusion she had been under was dissipated, she married the literary man, and apparently the dissatisfaction of her mind was removed. It does not seem a very logical story when told in this matter-of-fact manner; but Mr. Hichens has invested it with the glamour of romance. It is a pity that he has not a more sympathetic understanding of ordinary people. He has brooded and thought over one type until he seems to understand it to the last degree; but the other people who enter his little world are only marionettes. There is the Italian nobleman, Marchese Panacci, a mere caricature, whose unreality would make itself felt even in the curtain-raiser of a theatre. His fishermen, fisherwomen, peasants and poor folk generally are mere picturesque figures without vitality. The style in which the book is written also leaves much to be desired. That Mr. Hichens can write we most willingly admit. There are passages—and long passages—in the book, too, in which he wields a masculine prose that entitles him to a place in English literature; but he has not that infinite capacity for taking pains which is said to be the mark of a genius, and there are many instances of repetition and a general slovenliness in his work. A purist, too, might take objection to the manner in which the dialogue is interlarded with Italian phrases. It does not seem natural to translate the greater part of an Italian speech and put in a few Italian words at the end. Further, it has to be said that Mr. Hichens has been very unfortunate in his illustrator.

ANGLING FOR COARSE FISH.

THERE are many sportsmen who affect to despise the gentle art of fishing for coarse fish, but the writer ventures to believe that this is due in a far greater degree to a lack of experience, than to any genuine distaste for the art itself bred by actual trial and knowledge. For it is by no means as easy as it at first sight appears to obtain a really good bag of "sizeable" fish. It is true that in many places a large number of small fish may be readily captured by the proverbial "worm at one end and — at the other," but let an angler try to obtain a few specimen fish and he will find that science, practice and good local knowledge will all have to be requisitioned if the endeavour is to be crowned with success. The writer of these notes was spending a few days in one of our Midland counties at one of England's favoured country homes whose park contains a large and deep lake, a lake which is reserved for the use of guests of the house and in which, consequently, there is but rarely any serious or carefully-planned attempt at fishing. This is partly due, no doubt, to the before-mentioned idea that any fool can catch coarse fish and that any bait or day will do, and partly to the distance of the water from the house. Both of these reasons have hitherto militated against any successful attempt being made to fish the lake except during the winter, when periodical and discursive raids have been made on the pike. Some description of the



Ward Muir.

UNDER THE TREES.

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water itself would not, perhaps, be out of place. It was constructed, as many another beautiful lake has been, by damming up one end of a small valley. This was done some 300 years ago, in the good old days when there were no means of obtaining a ready and sufficient supply of fish inland for use on Fast-days excepting from rivers and lakes. It is deep at one end, the water varying from 16ft. to 20ft. deep near the



Ward Muir.

AT DUSK.

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with the fixed line, as is so often done by roach-fishers, we should have inevitably been smashed by several fish. The bait we had provided ourselves with was dough made soft and free from the cotton-wool which is so generally advised by text-books on angling, but which in actual practice is of so little real use. We also took with us dew-worms, brandlings and gentles, so that we were fully prepared to cater for the taste of any fish which fickle fortune might send across our path. Rowing across the wide lake to the clump of tall bulrushes under the shadow of which the fishing punt had been previously moored, we glided softly up and carefully climbed in, so as to avoid any undue disturbance or wash to the swim which we had been at such pains to prepare. Sport is often spoilt by carelessness in getting into the moored punt, as fish are far more susceptible to jar than is generally believed, and if once frightened, their confidence is by no means easily re-established.

Were we to have a successful evening? would the big fellows come to the swim? or were we to be obliged to take comfort in the view: in the flight of the gaudy kingfisher up and down the lake, and in the efforts of the heron to obtain his evening meal—all of which would prove interesting had we not come out to fish and taken a deal of trouble to bait the swim.

emlankment, to about 1ft. or so at the far end. The first step was to probe the bottom carefully and find some spot on which the ground-bait would rest and be seen, a place where it would not be at once soiled by the mud or sink into the leaves of the overhanging trees. Two different places were, after much exploration with the punt pole and discussion as to wind and sun, selected as being likely to prove favoured spots, and here we drove in the poles so that the water would not be disturbed when later on we came to fish the swim. The next business was to mix up the ground-bait, and for this purpose we had already invested in a stone of fourths, or Dan as it is also called, which is the meal given to pigs for food. This we carefully kneaded and mixed up with a stone of bran, in order that, while tempting, the ground-bait might not prove too satisfying to the fish and so make them abjure the still better fare with which we were later on to provide them, but in which, of course, would hide the hook. In addition to the meal, some thousand or so large dew-worms which had been caught on the lawn the previous night by the aid of bicycle lamps were also requisitioned in order that those fish which preferred a more appetising attraction might not be disappointed by the softer food provided for their gentler friends. Such then were the preparations made for the sport, and now for the sport itself. The ground-bait was given two days in which to collect the denizens of the deep before fishing was undertaken in earnest; however, on the third evening it was decided to test the results of the spread. Sallying forth, we (the writer and his wife) reached the lake at 5.30 p.m. prepared to enjoy ourselves with a quiet evening on its still waters, even if the fish should prove disappointing and unprepared to welcome our lures. We had armed ourselves with two 11ft. greenheart trout-rods with running lines, quill floats and No. 8 Limerick bent hooks, for sport is easily spoilt by fishing with heavy rods and stout tackle, and we were anxious that the fish should have their chance when hooked and should be able at any rate to make a good fight for freedom. It was indeed fortunate, as events afterwards turned out, that we had provided ourselves with running lines, as had we fished

Our anxiety as to the success of the evening was rapidly and completely dispelled, for with the very first cast of my wife's baited hook the float made a sharp bob and away it ran under the water, just dimly showing beneath its still surface. She promptly struck, and was rewarded by the busy splashing of a small roach, which was safely landed. Surely this was a good omen to catch a fish at the first cast into the swim; and so it proved, for with each succeeding cast came an energetic indication of the rapacity and greed of the assembled fish below. Fish after fish was rapidly played and landed; but they were none of them large ones, averaging about four to the pound, and were, we knew well, quite unrepresentative of the possibilities of the lake. Lengthening our lines, therefore, we decided to fish on the bottom itself, and to use still larger baits; in fact, to put on pieces of dough as big as large walnuts. It was not long after this change of tactics had been embarked upon that there was a gentle, very gentle movement of the float, at first so slight that one could not help feeling that one was mistaken and that one's judgment must be at fault. Still watching, however, the float faintly curtsied in the water, and after a little more delay and deliberation slowly sailed across the swim; very different, indeed, from the bites which had been given by the smaller roach when fishing shallower. This looked like the movement of a big fish, and the time had come to strike. Then



Ward Muir.

A GOOD RIPPLE—BUT TOO BRIGHT.

Copyright.

with a quick half turn of the wrist the point of the rod is raised, and the bright steel driven home into the fish below. What a rush he makes; what a difference there now is in the movement of the float! It has gone completely out of sight, and the tightened line tells of a heavy fish. Will he make for the weeds? Put on all the pressure possible; yes, he turns, he is little by little getting exhausted. The float once more shows above the water, and gradually—very gradually—is the big fellow piloted to the side of the punt. We can see him now; what a fine fellow he is—a beautiful golden tench, a large and rare prize. He sees the dreaded net and once more makes off with renewed energy, heading for the bunch of weeds; but this time he is more easily turned, and with one last despairing splash is gathered safely into the net's folds. He was only the forerunner of many other good fish, fish which fought with equal tenacity of purpose and desire to win. Some of them were successful in evading the dreaded net, but more, owing to the running tackle, were, after a stern fight, safely creeled. The fun waxed fast and furious, and the evening shadows crept over the surface of the lake only too soon for us who were enjoying such excellent and unwonted sport.

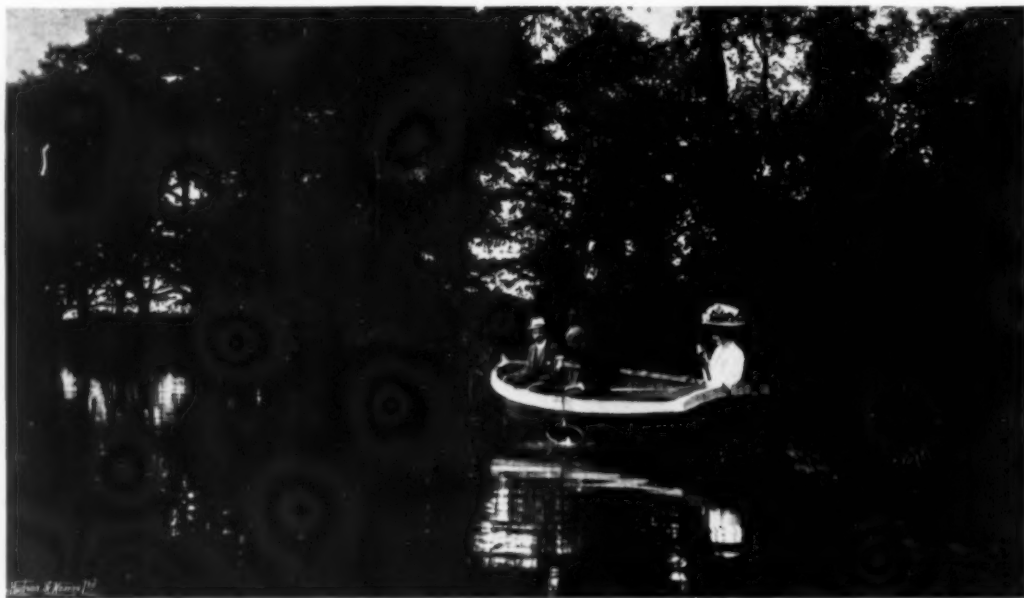
A whirling in the air and a splash in the water announced the arrival of some teal, and we reluctantly decided that the fast failing light would not do more than enable us to get safely on to the road for home. We had a splendid two hours' sport, a fact which was established when we returned home and weighed up the catch, which came to a gross total of 52lb., being made up of six tench, the two largest weighing together 6½lb., and the whole six well over the stone. Of the roach the largest fish weighed 1½lb., and there were many three-quarter and half pounders among them, the average weight of the basket, after deducting the larger fish, working out at something over three to the pound—surely a fine and noble catch for so short an evening's fishing. We had worked hard to find and bait up a suitable swim, and we felt more than repaid for all our time and trouble in the splendid sport which we had enjoyed. It was in this same water that in June, 1799, a pike weighing 47lb. was captured, and while latterly no monsters of this kind have been taken, yet the lake can generally be relied on to afford a good day's spinning, and many a time has the writer captured over 9st. of fish in this way. On one memorable occasion, having no dead bait, he invested in a box of fresh-caught snelts, which proved so attractive a bait that over 140lb. of pike were accounted for. But all this is "another story," and the history of those days of splendid sport cannot be told here.

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

A GOOD deal of attention is being attracted by a collection of pictures at present on view at the Photographic Salon in the gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 5A, Pall Mall East, and to the ordinary visitor by far the most interesting section of the exhibition is that devoted to photographs in natural colours. It is little more than a year since our newspapers announced that real colour photography—a long-sought goal of the laboratory student—had at last been attained; but although, since then, thousands of the new plates have been exposed by private experimenters, the general public have seen but few of the actual results, and those few have been disappointing in their crudity. There are crude colour photographs at the Salon exhibition, it is true, but they are in a minority; the majority are certainly the finest examples yet produced, and are, moreover, the first attempts at artistry as distinguished from mere scientific accuracy. Opinions may differ as to their artistic merit, though it would be hard to deny a full measure of praise to the wonderful plates of Mr. Steichen and Baron de Meyer. Three of Mr. Alvin Coburn's plates are also of particular interest,

for they represent moving objects, and hitherto the new process has been almost wholly limited to "time" exposures. To criticise the exhibition in detail is, however, not the purpose of this article, but rather to answer the question, asked by many persons who do not follow the drier technical Press, How is it done? What happens when you take a colour photograph? Why does it appear in colours? The Lumiere Autochrome, as the new plate is called, consists of a sheet of glass outwardly similar in appearance to the ordinary monochrome plate with

which every amateur is already familiar. An autochrome, taken freshly from the box in which it is sold and held up to the light, resembles a piece of finely-ground glass; that is, it appears to be covered with a grey deposit. Incidentally, it should be added that, to examine an unused autochrome either in the ruby-lit darkroom or in daylight would be to ruin it. Not until it has been exposed in the camera and developed should it be allowed to



G. D. Newton.

SKILFULLY LANDED.

Copyright.

"see" even red light, for it is sensitive to red. Supposing, however, that for curiosity's sake we have spoilt a plate by bringing it out into the daylight, we should see it more or less as a piece of greyish ground glass. Apply a microscope to this, and we make an astonishing discovery. The greyiness is in reality made up of gem-like specks of colour. These specks of colour are the autochrome's secret. They consist of extremely minute grains of translucent starch, sifted over the plate in incredible quantities, yet no single grain overlapping its neighbour. The grains are all approximately the same size, and lie on the plate in such a close-packed mosaic that 4,000,000 of them may be counted to the square inch. The grains are of three kinds—violet-coloured grains, red-coloured grains and green-coloured grains. These three kinds of grains are mixed before being coated by rollers on to the sticky surface which retains them on the glass plate, and they are mixed with such thoroughness that in any given area of the plate there are a virtually identical number of violets, reds and greens. Each grain, as it were, forms a tiny window of colour, but as our unaided eyesight cannot distinguish 4,000,000 objects in a square inch, it unconsciously blends these windows into one hue, that hue being the grey or "white" which has been compared to ground glass. It is the old principle of the spectrum. A beam of white light can be split up into violet, red and green. Contrariwise, violet, red and green can be fused to make what we call white. We have then upon our sheet of glass a stratum of starch grains, stained each grain to its particular tint, and lying side by side in vast quantities. Upon the surface of this first stratum a second one is coated—this time a sensitive photographic film similar to that used by the ordinary photographer. Take a photograph in the usual way on this film, and it would develop up into the familiar black and white image. But—and this is the crux of the matter—put the autochrome plate into the camera with the glass side towards the lens, and your photograph will be taken through the layer of starch grains. You thus obtain a photograph not merely of the object at which the camera has been pointed, but checked over, in addition, with the screen of the dyed starch grains.

Instead of attempting to think of the action of millions of starch grains simultaneously, let us suppose that we are watching the action of three starch grains only, the three lying adjacent, and coloured respectively violet, red and green; and for the sake of simplicity let us suppose that the object to be photographed is of only one colour—green. A stream of green rays, then, is passing through the camera lens (and through a yellow glass which must, for certain reasons, be added thereto) into the camera, through the glass of the plate, through our three starch grains, and finally impinging on the sensitive film at the back of all. Let us follow one of those green rays. It falls impartially on all three grains, and endeavours to pass through them. The violet grain stops it, the red grain stops it, but the green grain allows it to pass and reach the patch of sensitive film lying immediately behind it. This minute patch of emulsion, the exact size of the green grain, is thus "exposed"; and when we develop the plate, we find that a black spot is produced here, but behind the violet grain and the red grain there is no black spot. Hold up the plate to the light now, and looking through it we shall see the violet grain and the red grain, but not the green grain, for it is hidden behind the black spot afore-mentioned. All over the plate the same thing has occurred, and the result is that instead of our picture being green, as was the object we photographed, it is an amalgamation of violet and red. If the plate remained in its present condition it would be a photograph in colour, but so far from being in true colour, would be exactly the reverse of true. The object we photographed was green, and instead of the photograph being green, green is the one colour which is not visible in

any part of it. Chemistry comes to our rescue in this dilemma. It is possible, by very simple means, to "reverse" a photograph; that is, to treat it with a solution which will make black white and white black. If, then, we put our autochrome plate in such a solution, it changes the black spot behind the green grain into a white—a transparent—one, and turns black the hitherto transparent spots behind the violet and red grains. Now once more hold up the plate to the light, and looking through it, we find that the desired consummation has been reached. Our picture is in its correct colour—green. For now the violet and red grains are each hidden behind their respective dots of opaque black, and the green grain is alone visible, for behind it alone is the emulsion transparent.

We have followed the course of an isolated ray—a green one. In any ordinary subject there are myriads of rays, and the mind is staggered in its attempt to observe the course of each. Each, nevertheless, is caught and dealt with by the starch-grain layer, whether the ray happens to be a true green, a true violet, or a true red; intermediate colours are mere variations of these three primary colours, and can be faithfully represented by combinations of them. Automatically, the Lumiere grains sift out the rays and mingle them, eventually presenting to the eye an image which is an exact replica of the original, however subtle the latter's tones. Looking at the autochrome photograph, we see a vivid but unexaggerated likeness of the scene at which the camera was aimed; yet place the plate under a sufficiently powerful microscope, and behold, this delicate picture resolves itself into a coarse patchwork of grains—and each grain is violet, red, or green. Precisely as certain schools of modern impressionistic painters obtain the effect of one colour by laying dabs of other pigments side by side on the canvas, leaving the retina to combine them when viewed from a slight distance, so the autochrome presents us with apparently harmonious colours, which, examined in microscopic detail, reveal themselves as nothing more than crude dots of often quite dissimilar colours. The finished autochrome plate is a transparency; that is, it must be viewed like a lantern-slide, by looking through it, not at it. No doubt

some means will shortly be invented for "printing" the plate so that its image can be transferred to paper, and thus more conveniently viewed in albums or framed and hung on walls. Meanwhile the fact that it cannot be so printed ought not to dissuade the ambitious amateur from using it. The production of a finished autochrome, though requiring more solutions and more care in their use than the ordinary monochrome photograph, is actually far quicker than the making of the old-style negative and print. A colour photograph is ready for exhibition half-an-hour after it has been exposed in the camera. It may be viewed either by looking through it at a sheet of white paper placed at a suitable angle underneath, or else by projection in a lantern. Special viewing stands are also made, by means of which the autochrome is seen in a mirror lying flat on the table. While it has been impossible in so short an article to give an academically exact description of the new plate and its action, this rough outline will, it is hoped, serve to arouse the attention of some who have shrunk from trying a process which at first sight seemed too complicated for any but experts. Mere beginners can, and do, produce better autochromes than ordinary photographs, for the simple reason that the autochrome instructions are so explicit that there is no temptation to depart from them. The requirements are: An ordinary camera with its focussing screen reversed, to allow for the thickness of the plate; a box of autochromes, now obtainable at any dealer's shop; a yellow screen to fit on, or behind, the lens (this must be the special autochrome screen—no other will do); a set of autochrome developers and other solutions, which are bought ready-made and whose composition need cause the tyro no anxiety; and finally—to be on the safe side—an exposure meter with an autochrome dial of figures, for these plates are far "slower" than the plates to which we have been accustomed. Armed with this outfit, the amateur should be able to tackle photography in natural colours without fear of wasting either his time or his money, and with the consciousness that each of his exposures calls into play a train of the most elaborate and beautiful phenomena which the genius of science has ever enlisted in the service of mankind.

WARD MUIR.

HOMES FOR SMALL CAPITALISTS.

DURING four years' ramble in Australasia I explored in the south-western country of Western Australia. This district contains some of the richest agricultural land in the world, and at the end of this year there will be an additional area of 1,000,000 acres open for selection. Western Australia has an area seven times that of England and Wales, and a great variety of climate and conditions. The central portions of the State are subject to droughts, but in the Margaret River district droughts have never occurred, and the climate and rainfall are excellent. The choice land in New Zealand, Canada, New South Wales and Victoria now realises fancy prices; but in Western Australia first-class land is to be had for the asking. I travelled through this country by rail, followed the advance of civilisation to the virgin forest, and, on horseback and on foot, explored hundreds of miles of good, sparsely-settled land. While journeying along the uninhabited sea-coast I passed lovely bays and inlets, with sandy beaches, recalling what Brighton, Eastbourne or Bournemouth were before houses were built. This country is thirty miles from a railway station, teems with marsupial game, and the fishing along the coast is equal to any in Australasia. I visited some homesteads which men had recently selected. Their clearings were a mass of vegetable wealth. Carrots I examined weighed 1 lb., parsnips measured 1 ft. and potatoes and other root crops were in the same proportion. No country suits poultry better than this district, and cattle-raising will soon become an important industry. As settlement increases the dingoes will be destroyed, and then sheep-farming will pay. Fruit of all kinds can be grown—apples, pears, plums, oranges, lemons, etc. Figs develop into enormous trees, and bear so abundantly that the fruit is used to fatten cattle and poultry.

The Western Australian Government grants free passes to the vacant lands and the free services of an experienced guide. When the land has been selected, the following cash payments are required: First instalment survey fee, £1 10s.; office fee, £1; stamp, 1s.; total, £2 11s. When this money is paid the person can go on the land. The building of a neat cottage will cost £50 and the fencing of 160 acres about £35. A small steamer runs from Perth, which connects with a private railroad three miles from the Margaret River. This line is used for taking out timber, and by the settlers for import and export purposes. Men have taken up selections here without capital, but I do not recommend it. By small capitalists are meant men with £300 to £1,000. The former would probably need assistance from the Agricultural Bank. The best guide to the Margaret River is

Mr. Bussell, who meets trains from Busselton when he receives reasonable notice. His address is: Margaret River, Busselton, West Australia. I interviewed several small farmers in this neighbourhood, and, without exception, they were prosperous and happy. The following is a fair sample:

"I took up land here about three years ago with a very small capital. I have now a nice home, horses, cattle, pigs, etc. When I have sheep and more stock I shall have no difficulty in making £400 per annum."

"What sort of treatment have you received from the Government?"

"I think the treatment has been very good. When I have had difficulty in carrying out their requirements I have always met with just consideration."

"How about a market for your produce and stock?"

"Very good. I have no difficulty in selling everything I can grow."



A FINE WHEAT CROP IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

"What do you consider the best crops for this locality?"

"Potatoes, root crops, fruit, maize and grasses do well."

"Have you ever experienced or heard of drought in the Margaret River?"

"No, never. We always have plenty of rain and to spare."

"I have been informed that a pioneer can easily obtain plenty of fresh meat with his gun or trap. Is this true?"

"Yes, it is true. There are any amount of wallaby; in fact, along the coast to Leeuwin there are thousands, and in the sea plenty of fish."

"How far are you from the sea?"

"My homestead is about two and a-half miles."

"How much vacant land is there in your neighbourhood?"

"There are several hundreds of thousands of acres."

"Is the cost of freight very high?"

"I think it is too high; but I suppose they will rectify this as time goes on."

"How did you manage to obtain your ploughs and farm implements to start your work with?"

"The Agricultural Bank at Perth, which is a Government institution, furnished me with money at 5 per cent."

"How did you start your homestead work?"

"I ring-barked the timber, which is reckoned by the Bank as equal to 2s. 6d. per acre."

"What is the yield per acre for potatoes on your land?"

"I have had ten tons, but from seven tons to ten tons is a fair average."

"What price did they fetch this year (1908)?"

"This year I got £10 to £12 per ton."

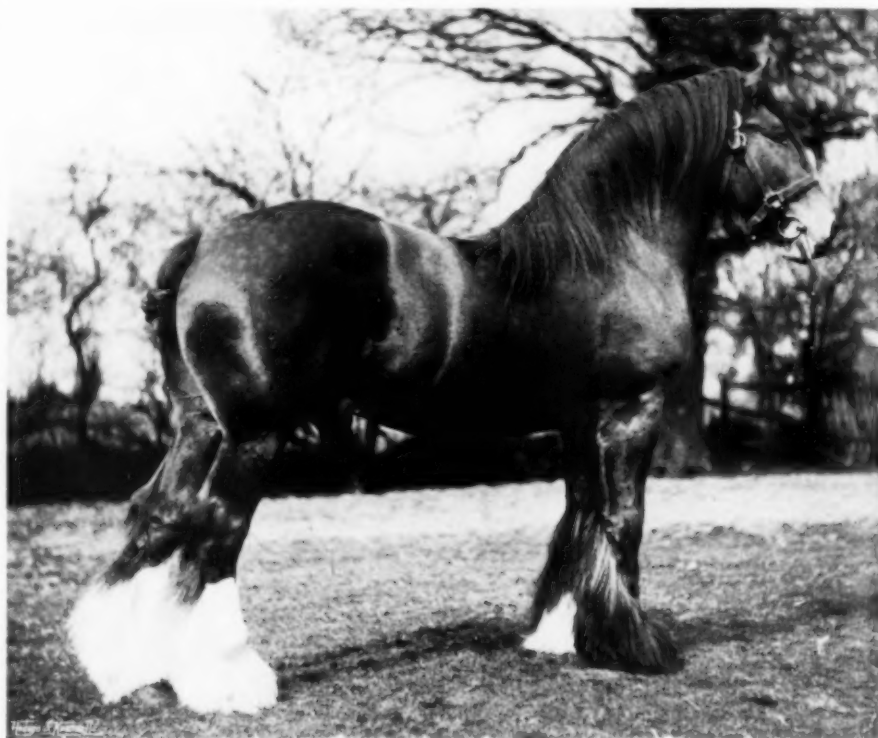
The Agricultural Bank advances money under Section 28 of the Agricultural Bank Act, 1906, for: (a) Ring-barking, clearing, fencing, draining. (b) Discharging any mortgage already existing. (c) The purchase of stock for breeding purposes. Advances may be made of an amount not exceeding £300 to the full value of the improvements proposed to be made. Applications must be accompanied by a valuation fee of 1 per cent. of the amount applied for. Wagin and Katanning are important agricultural districts, through which the Great South-Western Railway passes on the route to the Margaret River. Most of the land is taken up near the line; but there are plenty of good selections a few miles beyond. I visited the Hon. C. A. Piesse in this district and walked through eighteen acres of his vineyards, four acres of fig trees and twenty-one acres of apple orchard. The fruit I examined and tasted was sound, well-shaped and of excellent flavour. He has 3,000 acres set apart for mixed farming, and there is plenty of water throughout the country; the sheep and cattle looked remarkably well. Wheat averages sixteen to twenty-four bushels to the acre, and oats twenty to thirty bushels. Mr. Piesse estimated that his net annual profits were never less than £800 per annum. About six miles from this estate there is some good land open for selection. There are many home privileges offered to persons born in Australia. The British Government sets aside a certain number of cadetships in the Navy and commissions in the Army for lads educated in the country. There are Government agricultural colleges also, where, at an almost nominal cost, lads can obtain a thorough theoretical knowledge of farming in all its branches. There are good clubs, polo, golf, tennis, cricket, football, etc., and every town provides amusement in the way of theatres and other entertainments. An Englishman can travel all through the States of Australia and find himself everywhere at home. The death-rate is the lowest in the world, and the whole colony is singularly free from severe and epidemic

disease. In Western Australia, New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia open-air exercise and recreation can be indulged in on the hottest day. The winters are perfection and entirely free from damp and cold.

ST. MICHAEL PODMORE.

THE TOOLEY PARK STUD.

AT Tooley Park, the residence of Mr. F. Farnsworth, the breeding of Shire horses, now carried to such a high pitch of perfection, was begun in 1892, and the owner showed undoubted discrimination in the choice of blood which he used for the foundation. His first mare was bred in



W. A. Rouch.

RATCLIFFE FOREST KING.

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the Ashbourne district; her name was Sunbeam, and her sire King William III., by Premier. This was fairly good blood,

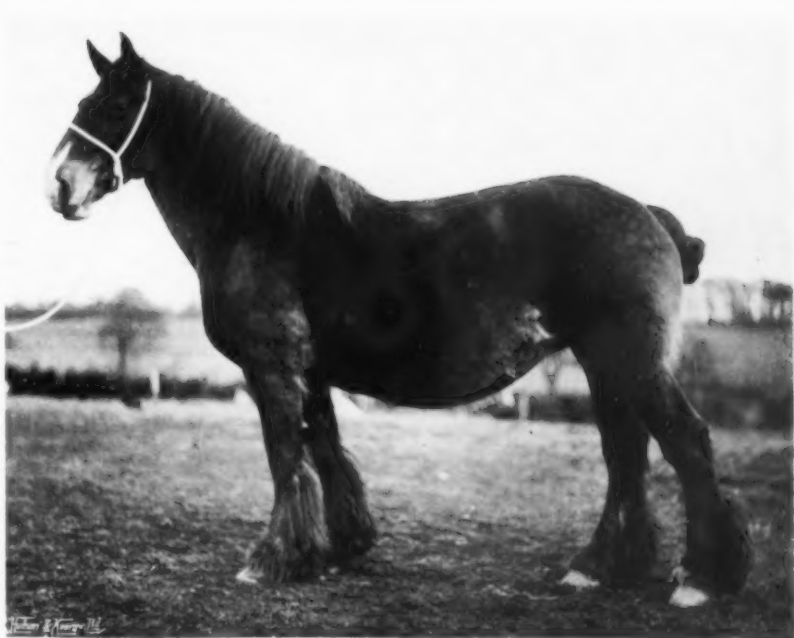


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RATCLIFFE CONQUERING KING.

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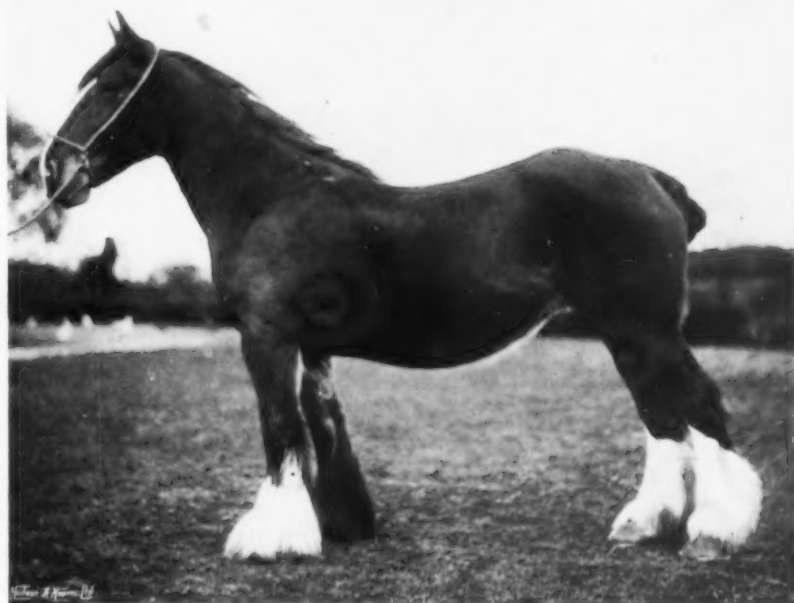
but when she was three years old she was mated with the famous Harold, and the quality of the stud to-day reflects full honour on that great horse. It is worth remembering in this connection that, celebrated as Harold is now, his show career was not of the most distinguished order. When shown as a three year old at Islington he only got the third position, and superficial observers used to think him a little faulty even in his later and more successful days. But a closer acquaintance impressed one with an idea of his bone and size, and like nearly all great sires, he was full of life and courage. His qualities were handed down in a very marked degree to his offspring, and Harold blood in Shires is now one of the most valuable. The result of matching Sunbeam with Harold was Ratcliffe Royal Harold, now used as the stud horse at Tooley Park. Another purchase of Mr. Farnsworth's that turned out extremely well was that of Ratcliffe Bonny, whom he bought from her breeder, the late Mr. J. Eadie, and as the result of mating her with Ratcliffe Royal Harold, Ratcliffe Sunflower was produced. This mare was highly successful in the show-ring. She won over £400 in prizes, in addition to eight cups and seven medals of the Shire Horse Society. We show some of her progeny in these pages. They include two fillies by Forest King and the stallion Ratcliffe Conquering King. This horse, after a very brilliant career as a foal, was first at the Islington Show in London in 1906 in class one, second at the Royal, first at Nottingham, first at Leicester and won many other prizes. In 1907 he continued his career by winning the second prize at the Shire Horse Society's Show in London, while he was first and champion at Oxford. In 1896 the mare Sunflower produced another most successful horse in Ratcliffe Coming King. This Shire won many prizes as a foal, including the challenge cup at Ashbourne. Both Ratcliffe Conquering King and Ratcliffe Coming King were sired by that celebrated horse, Lockinge Forest King. It will be remembered that at the last Islington Shire Horse Show a very large number of the winners possessed pedigrees tracing to this splendid horse, who at one time was the centre of Lord Wantage's stud. Many consider him one of the best Shire horses of the day. In January, 1905, Mr. Farnsworth bought from his breeder, Mr. J. L. Harrison, Pailton Fields, Rugby, another grand horse in Ratcliffe Forest King, an animal who had carried off a considerable number of prizes as a foal. In his new surroundings, he very soon began to give a taste of his quality by carrying off many of the most coveted honours in the Shire horse world. He was first in his class at the Islington Show in February, and following this, he scored brilliantly at a long series of shows which included Leicester, the Royal, Rugby, Lutterworth and Market Bosworth. In the year 1906 he was second at the Islington Show, second at the Royal, first at the Warwickshire, first at Rugby; but it was in 1907 that he reached the culmination of his career by carrying off what has been called the blue ribbon of the Shire horse world; that is to say, he was first and champion at the Royal Show. It happens occasionally that a great prize-winner is not a good stud horse, but this was not the case with Ratcliffe Forest King. His first foal, Ratcliffe Combine, was produced in 1907 out of Ratcliffe Sunflower, and speedily began to show the stuff of which he was made. This foal has won a first prize in the open and local class at Leicester, with the challenge cup for the best foal. He was first and champion foal at Market Harborough and fourth at Ashbourne. Such an opening to a career seems to point to very great successes in the future. In the same year Ratcliffe Forest Queen was foaled, her dam being Ratcliffe Bonny and her sire the aforesaid Ratcliffe Forest King. This foal also started in a striking manner, winning a second at East Berks, second at Peterborough and being fourth in class eight at the Islington Show of the present year. Ratcliffe Charming King was bought from his breeder in 1906 as a foal. He has won many prizes, including first at Leicester, first at East Berks in 1907, first at Oxford, first at Lutterworth in the second class and first at Market Harborough. During the present season he was placed fifth at the Islington Show in London, but was subsequently sold to Mr. Ernest E. D. Drabble for South America for the very satisfactory sum



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RATCLIFFE BONNY.

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BROCKHALL PRIMROSE.

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RATCLIFFE CHARMING KING.

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W. A. Rouch. FILLY BY FOREST KING—SUNFLOWER.

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W. A. Rouch. FILLY BY FOREST KING—RATCLIFFE BONNY.

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FOAL BY BIRDSALL MENESTRAL—BROCKHALL PRIMROSE.

of 1,000 guineas. Brockhall Primrose was purchased from the Hon. O. Hastings in 1905. Since then she has won many prizes, including the Shire Horse Society's medal at Lutterworth, and is now bringing up a foal by Lord Rothschild's famous horse, Bird-sall Menestral. The stud now consists of three stallions, namely, Ratcliffe Royal Harold, Ratcliffe Forest King and Ratcliffe Conquering King, and three colts, sired by Lockinge Forest King, namely, Ratcliffe Coming King, Ratcliffe King Albert and Ratcliffe Draftsman. The brood mares are Sunbeam, Ratcliffe Bonny, Ratcliffe Sunflower, Ratcliffe Charm, Ratcliffe Beauty, Ratcliffe Primrose, Ratcliffe Melody, Appleby Princess, Childwick Lady Garnet Heirlooms Gem.

Our photographs help to illustrate the fact that the tendency in Shire-breeding just now is distinctly towards the useful. In the days when fancy prices were expected, even for third and fourth rate stallions, much of the judging was done with a view to quality and less attention paid to those characteristics which tend to make the Shire horse the most useful of animals to the farmer. But there is reason to believe that the fever for Shire horse-breeding has considerably subsided, and the animals sold recently have, generally speaking, brought their working value. The Shire horse on the farm is worth what he can do in the way of work. Originally a cart-horse, he still is most useful in the various kinds of haulage that are required to carry on the art of husbandry. Next to that, in estimating his true value, comes breeding capacity. A farmer with a proper eye to quality only requires a mare on his holding who will produce animals that will command in the market as high a price as is going. To accomplish this, he knows that it is also necessary to obtain the services of a sire whose progeny will in all probability be good Shire horses. Luckily for the breeder, many facilities have been opened up for making all this as easy as possible. Shire mares are now sold in a general way at the value which is found by combining the power to work and the power to breed good foals.

Fancy prices are not very generally paid in the hope of producing off-pring that will command enormously high values. In nearly every county and rural district of Great Britain, arrangements have been made by which sires, that are everything that could be desired in the way of soundness, and have already proved their value in the stud, can be made available for the ordinary tenant-farmer. A consequence has been a very marked and rapid improvement in the stock of working horses, and the achievement of this result is very largely due to those owners of studs who have given the labour of years to develop the best strains. There can be no hobby that is more suitable for a country gentleman to pursue and likely to cost him less. For our own part, we cannot believe that in these days either dealer or amateur has much chance of making a fortune on these lines, but there are many studs which pay expenses and a few that yield a moderate profit to their owners.

IN THE GARDEN.

RASPBERRY AND STRAWBERRY FRUITS IN AUTUMN.

IT is not generally known, I think, that certain varieties of the Raspberry fruit as plentifully in autumn as in summer, and I am reminded of this by the remarkable display of the richly-flavoured berries in the garden of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild at Gunnersbury House, near Acton. It is pleasant to gather not only Raspberries, but Strawberries, too, in the misty September mornings, and Mr. James Hudson, who has control of this beautiful and interesting garden, has for many years grown the autumn-fruiting varieties to perfection. I have just spent a few instructive hours with him, and the Raspberry garden, if I may so describe the row upon row of fruiting canes, is one of the most interesting features of this home of rare flowers and delectable fruits. In a lecture Mr. Hudson gave some time ago before the Royal Horticultural Society, an outline of the cultivation was given, and some notes from this will, I hope, interest those who appreciate this fruit in summer and

would enjoy it at a season when it cannot be purchased in any market. The cultivation is much the same for the autumn-fruited varieties as those for the summer. Where the one thrives well, as this famous gardener says, there also will the other succeed. It is advisable, however, to avoid a shady position, all the light possible being needed to mature the fruits as autumn sets in, and likewise to guard against decay during damp weather. It is well, therefore, to select as open a spot as can be chosen; if facing the south or south-west, so much the better, in order to secure as much benefit from the sunshine as can then be had. Avoid a heavy, retentive soil; this may be conducive to growth, perhaps, in some instances, but not to the maturing of the fruit. The rows should run due north and south when it can be so arranged and be 6ft. apart. During the winter a dressing of farmyard manure is applied and lightly forked in; but should the growth be luxuriant, this may be dispensed with in alternate seasons, a dressing of lime being substituted. When the ground is being dug over, all the suckers that have run out are carefully removed. These Raspberries are more disposed to throw out suckers than the summer-fruited varieties.

Then follow hints upon pruning. The plants fruit upon the young wood of the current season, therefore the pruning is merely a matter of cutting down to the ground-line. Pruning about the middle of March is advised. About every third year it is a good plan to replant all, or, say, do one-third of the stock every year. This will enable one to thoroughly trench the ground three spits deep and give a liberal manuring. In planting afresh select the strongest stools only, casting aside all the weak ones. A good distance is 6ft. between the rows—there is no gain in planting closer—and 4ft. from plant to plant. The growths are allowed to come away in a natural manner, only the very weakest being thinned out. No tying should be done until it is seen that there are a sufficient number of shoots promising fruit. This will be during the earlier part of August, or possibly by the end of July in some instances. Then, if there are too many shoots to tie up, those without any fruit are cut out to allow room for those with fruit. The shoots should be tied erect, or as nearly so as possible. Mr. Hudson's plan is to tie in a continuous line rather than in groups. By means of Bamboos a light trellis is made, to which the shoots are attached. A good plan is to string each shoot separately, if not too long, to the Bamboo next above, the longer ones being first tied to the same Bamboo. Thus the one does not shade the other, and careful tying up prevents injury to the fruits during strong winds and gales. The first picking generally begins early in September in sufficient quantity to keep up a supply, and continues generally until the end of October. Birds are kept from the fruits by covering the entire quarter with netting. For this nets made upon the square mesh (tin. mesh) are used rather than the old fish-netting, which does not cover nearly so well. Towards the end of October, if there are still sufficient fruits to ripen, it will be found a good plan to cover over with an additional net as protection against frost. The varieties recommended are October Red, Belle de Fontenay, and Surprise d'Automne. The autumn Raspberries are in much request in the kitchen and stillroom, and, well ripened, for desert. Strawberries may be gathered in rich abundance in autumn, but not of the varieties we cherish in the hot summer days. The group that fruits at this season belong to the alpine, or Quatre Saisons of the French, and the varieties of which St. Joseph may be regarded as the type. The alpine varieties are delicious in flavour, the fruits small, richly coloured and produced freely among the wealth of foliage; but the plants must be raised from seed. The method of cultivation at Gunnersbury is to sow the seed every spring, from the middle of March to the middle of April, and in shallow boxes 1ft. by 2ft., filled with leaf-soil and sandy loam in equal proportions. Then the boxes must be taken to a house or pit where the temperature can be kept at from 55deg. to 65deg. From this time there is

the usual pricking out, and the protection of a cool frame or pit. In July transfer the plants to a somewhat shady border, and in October to the place in which they are to fruit. Alpine Strawberries may be had without any difficulty from about June 20th until the third week in October, or over a period of four months. The varieties recommended are Rouge Améliore, or Improved Red, Belle de Meaux, Improved White, and Sutton's Improved Red. The perpetual fruited Strawberries, of which, as has been already mentioned, St. Joseph is the type, are the result of crossing the alpine with the varieties that fruit in summer; they should be given a warm and sunny border. C.

MILDEW ON ROSES.

THE following note from "E. E. J." will interest rosarians whose plants are afflicted with mildew, which is one of the worst scourges that attacks the Rose at this season of the year. "Last year after a slight attack of mildew I dressed the whole of my Rose garden with soot in December and again in March. This season the mildew appeared early in July rather badly. After the July and early August blooming was over I thoroughly sprayed first with Mo-Effic and two days later with a solution made with Jeye's cyllin soft soap. This process was repeated twice over every second day and the effect is magical; the mildew is completely checked. Mo-Effic alone is good, but the cyllin in Jeye's soap after the Mo-Effic has really a marvellous effect. When rain came I gave a slight dressing of freshly-slaked lime and lightly hoed it in. It is beneficial in many ways and thoroughly cleanses the surface of the soil. The Roses, rejoicing in their freedom, have thrown up plenty of new wood—the delightful coppery red and green shades of early spring. I have the promise of a splendid harvest of autumn blooms practically free from mildew—the rosarians' greatest enemy. Next season I shall apply this remedy soon after pruning to prevent, if possible, the mildew appearing at all."

A BEAUTIFUL HARDY FLOWERING SHRUB.

The Tamarisks are comparatively well-known shrubs, especially in gardens close by the sea, as in such the whole family will thrive and produce their graceful delicate green shoots in profusion. One member, however, which may be regarded as a comparative newcomer, is not very well known, but its beauty will soon install it in popular favour. This is known botanically as *Tamarix Pallasii rosea*. It forms a very beautiful and graceful shrub, the long, slender growths clothed with exceedingly delicate and small green leaves assuming a slightly pendulous habit. During late summer these shoots are clothed with a profusion of tiny rosy pink flowers, which last in good condition for some weeks. The plant is quite hardy, not at all particular as to soil or situation, and will do well even under a north wall. It is a good plan to cut the slender growths well back into firm, hard wood each March, the young shoots which are produced as a result of this cutting being the ones to bear flowers. For filling large beds in lawns, or for a choice position in the front of the shrubbery, this *Tamarix* is excellent.

Cuttings made of shoots formed the previous summer may be successfully rooted if they are inserted in rather sandy soil any time from the end of October to the middle of February, so that there need be no difficulty in quickly securing many plants.

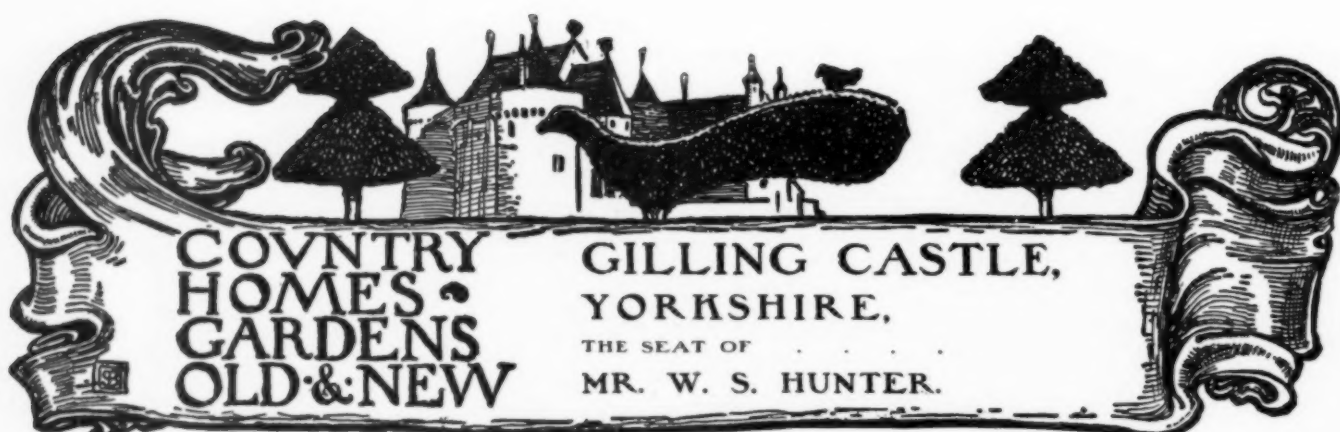
THE ORNAMENTAL CRAB APPLES.

At this season there are very few subjects capable of making such a fine colour display in the shrub border as the ornamental Crab-apples, which deserve to be far more extensively planted in good positions than they are at present. Unlike many of our other ornamental shrubs or trees, they give us their beauty at two distinct periods of the year. In early summer they are usually resplendent with masses of white and blush flowers, these being followed in autumn by ropes of highly-coloured fruits, which, in conjunction with their deep green foliage, make a very effective display. Any soil that will grow the ordinary Apple moderately well will suit these plants, and when once established they require very little attention. Probably the best known of all is the pretty little Siberian Crab (*Pyrus baccata*), the fruits of which are only slightly larger than good-sized Cherries. These are usually produced in large pendulous clusters, their colour being soft yellow tinted red on the side most exposed. It is a native of Siberia and Dahuria. John Downie is a most handsome variety, the fruits being about the size of small Walnuts, and somewhat oval-shaped. On the exposed side they turn a very vivid scarlet in the autumn, and as they are usually produced very freely a small tree makes a most effective subject. An even brighter Crab-apple than the above-named is one called Veitch's Scarlet, the fruit's being of nearly the same shape but rather larger than those of John Downie. F. W. H.



S. H. Wrightson. AN OLD MILLER'S HOBBY.

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THE North Riding of Yorkshire is possessed of two parishes called Gilling; but that which now concerns us spreads its 2,000 acres over a little section of the fine hill and dale land which is watered by the river Rye and its tributaries. Ryedale was found at an early date to be a district worth settling in for amenity and for profit. Here were the abbeys of Rievaulx and Byland and the castles of Helmsley and Slingsby, while later arose the stately seats of Duncombe and Hovingham. Gilling church and village nestle by a brook's side in a cup at a foot of the woody steep on a spur of which the castle stands. The lordship of Gilling was held, of old, with much else hereabouts and elsewhere, by the great house of Mowbray under the Crown. But under the Mowbrays, in return for feudal service, it was held, at least as early as the thirteenth century, by a family whose blood continued in possession until a few years ago. The Ettons took their name from a village near Beverley. There were Ettons of Etton in Henry I.'s time, and not long after that their connection with Gilling seems traceable. But it is not till 1284 that we get the distinct record that "In Gilling there are two and a-half carucates of land to be taxed of the fee of Mowbray which Yvo de Etton holds of Roger de Mowbray." This Ivo was certainly exercising his rights as lord of Gilling in 1290. He became Sir Ivo and lived till 1315, when he left a son, Thomas, to succeed him, and a daughter, Elizabeth, who married Thomas Fairfax of Walton, and whose descendant

170 years later successfully claimed the Gilling estate in right of this ancestress, and of a somewhat later settlement. A succession of three Thomas de Ettons fill the fourteenth century, of whom the second married a Fairfax cousin and made a will in favour of her family, failing his own. And the third was with John of Gaunt in the 1369 expedition, so that plunder from France may have helped towards the rebuilding of Gilling Castle, of which the surviving basement bears evidence of dating from the latter years of the century. Under the Lancastrian kings, Sir John de Etton was Sheriff of Yorkshire, and Warden of Roxburgh Castle. He left two sons, but after the death of the younger, Alexander, a clerk who held the living of Gilling, there were no more Ettons, and as Alexander evidently did not recognise the claim of his Fairfax cousins, he left the property to that branch of the Nevills which espoused the Lancastrian side. The ultimate victory of the Yorkists led to Sir Humphrey Nevill's attainder, and Gilling passed to Yorkist partisans. But when, with Henry VII., legal right rather than forceful possession was once more in the ascendant, the Thomas Fairfax of the day laid claim to Gilling, and his claim was confirmed by an inquisition taken in August, 1492. One Nicholas Fairfax, a vintner of York, who was fined 20s. for selling wine contrary to the assize in the seventh year of the first Richard's reign, is the first of this family that we meet and is the ancestor of the various branches that spread themselves over Yorkshire, obtained two peerages, played a considerable



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WESTERN FRONT AND WINGS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE SOUTH AND EAST ELEVATION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE SECOND TERRACE.

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TERRACES DROPPING TOWARDS THE CHURCH AND VILLAGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



COUNTRY LIFE.

WEST SIDE OF THE GREAT CHAMBER.

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part in English affairs in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and produced the famous Parliamentary general. Nicholas's son settled at Walton, ten miles west of York, and his descendant married Elizabeth de Elton. Fifth in descent from him was the owner of Walton who obtained Gilling also, and soon after that accretion of property he appears in the long list of Knights of the

is a complete piece of early eighteenth century work. But if we look at the south and east elevations, despite Elizabethan mullions and Georgian sashes, traces of Gothic creep out. The large three-light window, which appears near the ground in the view of these sides, however, is one of a set quite recently added to give necessary light to the kitchens and other offices. But next to it, in the corner,



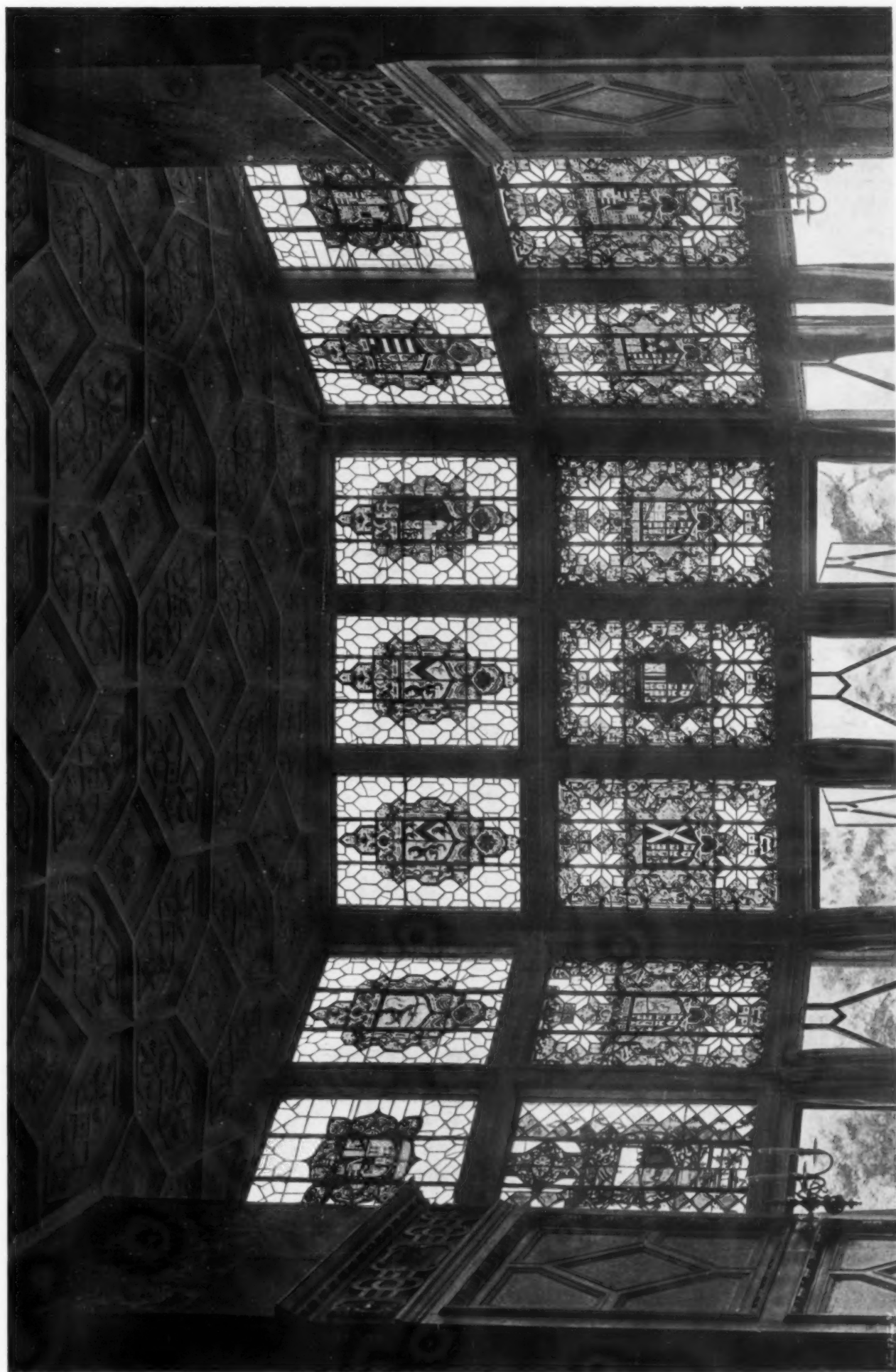
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EAST SIDE OF THE GREAT CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Bath who were created when the little boy of four years old who was to be Henry VIII. was made Duke of York. Not much of the castle which thus came to Sir Thomas by inheritance remains visible, and yet enough for us to make some conjectural reconstruction. The accompanying illustrations show that the west front

may be seen a little trefoil-headed window of late fourteenth century type which is quite original, and of which several similar survive. And if we pass within, we find that the whole of this floor, which, though a basement, is almost entirely above ground, retains the characteristics given to it by its mediæval builder, while



"COUNTRY LIFE."

FAIRFAX HERALDRY IN BAY WINDOW OF THE GREAT CHAMBER.

portions of the walling above it are likewise original, and in one place the jambs of a large window and the spring of its arch, high up in the wall, prove that on the upper floors were fine and well-lighted halls. The ground plan is that of an exceptionally large and nearly square building without any projections, after the manner of the Northern peel-tower. Of such, an exterior measurement of some 40ft. by 50ft. was a large size, but the great Gilling tower measures 80ft. by 72ft., which is larger than the late Norman keep at Rochester. The lower storey was entered by arched doorways in the centre of the east and west sides. They remain, and the eighteenth century blocking up having been removed, they are again in use. They are 5ft. in width, and that to the east has shields bearing the Etton arms on the arch moulding, beyond which are the portcullis grooves. The two doorways are connected by a vaulted passage, on each side of which are three vaulted chambers all much of the same size,

those to the south being rather larger and fitted with chimneys and garde-robes, the latter being, like the staircases, contrived within the width of the walls, the total thickness of which is between 8ft. and 9ft. This division into six chambers no doubt had its counterpart above, though some of the party wall might be omitted to allow of one or two larger rooms. Though there was much later rebuilding of the upper part of the walls, the outer size, and probably the outer height, were the same as to-day. But more than this—in face of the great structural alterations made in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries—cannot be said with certainty. The disposition found in other large, late Plantagenet houses of this "tower" type—such as Tattershall in Lincolnshire—would probably hold good for Gilling. Seated at Gilling as well as at Walton, and owning some half-dozen manors besides, Sir Thomas Fairfax was a man of local importance and good means; but all this his grandson, Sir



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THE EAST END OF THE GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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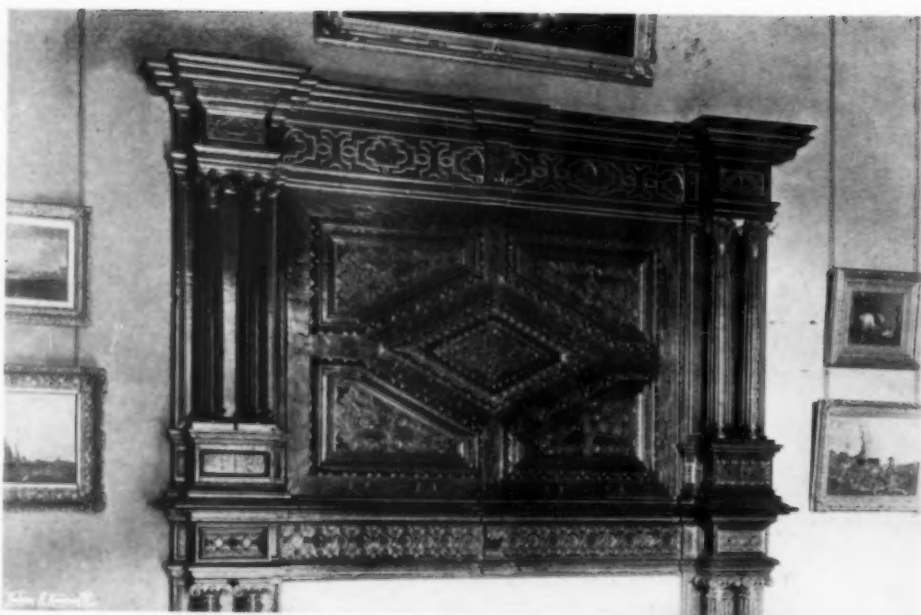
WEST END OF THE GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Nicholas, was within an ace of losing when, with the vast majority of his fellow-Yorkshiremen, he showed his resentment at Henry VIII.'s anti-papal and anti-monastic policy by taking up arms in 1536. On October 9th of that year the county rose on its "Pilgrimage of Grace" under Robert Aske. On the 16th York, and on the 19th Hull, were in the rebels' hands, and on the 21st the news in York was "that Sir Thomas Percy and Sir Nicholas Fayerfax, with the abbot of St. Mary's, had gone towards Pomfret with a goodly band the same day." Sir Thomas and Sir Nicholas were cousins, and we hear of the former "how gorgeously he rode through York with feathers trimmed, which shows that he did nothing constrained but of a willing malicious stomach against the King." Sir Nicholas must have left his feathers behind him at Gilling, and thus shown a less malicious stomach, for when the reckoning came next year Sir Thomas is among those who are tried and executed, while

Sir Nicholas's name appears on the list of one of the juries that condemned, and he was paid £20 for his subserviency. But though he sat on the Council of the North, which was established for the purpose of preventing any further "Pilgrimages" of the same kind, he was suspected of more than sympathising with his Percy cousins when they again rose in 1569 on behalf of Mary of Scotland. His second son joined their standard. But the knight himself was now too old and wary to run risks. He stayed at home and soon after made a will desiring his executors "to raise a conveniente tombe, accordinge to my degree, of the valewe of xxx or xl. li., to be sett over my bodye at Gillinge." In Gilling church he was accordingly laid in 1571, and the "conveniente tombe" still stands and represents him lying in armour, his head resting on his helm and his feet on a lion, with a wife on either side—which shows that much sculpturing could be done for £40 under the Virgin Queen. If his son and

successor, Sir William, performed no public act which we need mention, his home actions concern us much, for it is to him we owe that treasure of Elizabethan interiors, the "Great Chamber," or present dining-room of Gilling Castle. There is nothing more complete in original design and workmanship and in present preservation. Three full-page illustrations are given to it, but there might well have been a dozen. It occupies, on the main floor, above the Gothic basement, the southern portion of the east side, on to which a stair turret had already been grafted. Sir William took down the whole wall on this half of the east side above the basement



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A SURVIVAL FROM SIR WILLIAM'S TIME.

"C.L."

was left untouched when all else was modified. Features in four materials combine to make the "great chamber" a complete work of decorative art. Above the oak wainscoting and mantel-piece runs the frieze of painted heraldic work, and above this again is the plaster-work of cornice and ceiling. Lastly, the finishing touch is given by the unrivalled display of painted glass in the three great windows. On each of these points we must say a few words, though the pictures give a very comprehen-

sive idea of the whole thing. The wainscoting is nearly 12ft. high. Below its cornice runs a frieze of strapwork carving partly gilt. Each carved panel is divided by a piece of that split baluster form of decoration which belongs to the Jacobean rather than to the Elizabethan period. The frieze panels correspond in width with those below, of which there is a treble tier. The main stiles are of great substance and admit of a deep egg-and-tongue moulding. Within this the great panel is divided up by narrower, lighter stiles, forming four triangular corner panels and one of lozenge shape in the centre.



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IN THE WHITE ANTE-ROOM.

"C.L."

and gained width for his room and for that above by building it up anew of only half the old thickness. He also threw out a double-storeyed bay and inserted other windows between the bay and the stair turret. To the south he left the old wall, but pierced it with other great mullioned and transomed windows, of which the upper one was afterwards replaced by a sash. By also altering or removing interior walls he obtained a space of 40ft. by 22ft. on each floor. The upper room retains the old plaster-work on the ceiling of its bay window, but its Elizabethan character has, in every other respect, been superseded by eighteenth century work. The lower room, however, must, even in that age which so much preferred its own style, have appeared so unusually fine that it



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IN MR. HUNTER'S ROOM.

"C.L."

The whole design is much the same as that of the lower part of the screen at Trinity College, Cambridge, only there the central panel is square. On the other hand, at Burton Agnes, which lies east of Gilling, we find the lozenge arrangement. In neither of these cases, however, is there the added richness of inlay that there is at Gilling. The lozenges have interlaced geometric devices, while the angle panels have each a floral sprig. Thomas Gill—who published a history of this neighbourhood in 1852—describes these panels as “all inlaid with flowers, frets and other

patterns so delicate and so varied as to confirm in a sort the tradition that they were designed and perhaps even executed by the ladies of the family and their hand-maidens.” Elizabethan dames were tireless with their needle, but it is more than improbable that they would undertake so masculine a handicraft as inlaying. The monumental proportions of the three-storeyed mantel-piece whose pediment reaches the ceiling appear in the view of the west side of the room. Its largest panel contains a highly-coloured heraldic achievement of the Fairfax shield and crest and the goat supporters. Below it the four ladies who are said to have had a hand in the designing of the room exhibit their husbands’ arms impaling the Fairfax lion. The topmost panel contains the Royal arms with Queen Elizabeth’s supporters. Their presence, taken with a date in the painted glass, make it quite clear that the Gilling paneling is a score of years earlier than the Trinity College screen and much other woodwork to which it is very closely allied. The arms of the Virgin Queen, high aloft on the mantel-piece, are in a line with those of 443 of her Yorkshire gentry. The frieze is painted on boards and the label below each tree is inscribed with the name of one of the Wapentakes into which the county is divided, and the tree above is hung with the shields of those dwellers in the district whom the heralds’ visitation of 1584 recognised as rightful bearers of arms. Such, at least, is the general character, but we must note the warning of Mr. John Bilson (whose admirable paper on Gilling Castle we are freely using) that “the arms in the frieze as now painted are even less authentic than Elizabethan heraldry generally is from the fact that errors and alterations have been

made in repainting.” The frieze, though essentially original, has at one time or another been a good deal touched up. Below the trees, animals as English as the fox and otter, as exotic as the elephant and camel, and as mythical as the griffin and cockatrice, disport themselves amid herbage and flowering bush. But the frieze space was too extended. The Wapentakes came to an end and a dozen feet in the north-east corner remained bare. How this was filled the illustration clearly shows. Three ladies and three gentlemen, in the costume of the period, sit out of doors on benches backed by a trellis-work of rose-bearing briars and grape-laden vines. All are busy with viol or lute, and their music-books lie by their side. Of the ceiling we need only say that it is of the fan and pendant type, with heraldic beasts in the panels. It may be compared with a similar one still at Sizergh Castle, a copy of which is in the Victoria and Albert Museum over the original panelling from that castle, the inlay of which is much simpler, but of the same geometric character as that in the lozenge panels at Gilling. The illustration on page 421 gives the richly-filled panels of the ceiling of the bay and the “Fairfax” window. The lower tier of lights of this window is now of plain glass, but the upper two still display the heraldry and genealogy of the Fairfax family. The south window, however, is the richest and best preserved, as every light has painted glass, and in it we find a clue to the origin and date. Mr. Bilson tells us: “One of the quarries in the last light of the south window is signed by the artist, Bernard Dininckhoff, with the date 1585, and what is

probably a little portrait of himself over the signature. From the character of the work it is clear that the whole of the glass in this window and in the bay window (except the inserted work in the latter) must be attributed to Bernard Dininckhoff and his assistants. His name seems to indicate that he was a German, and this supposition is confirmed by the character of the drawing of some of the heraldry and ornament. He probably came to England specially to execute these windows, for no mention of him has hitherto been found elsewhere.” The eye is attracted by



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WEST END OF TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the delicate richness of the strapwork and scroll designs which surround each shield and inscription, and the patterning of the glazing of white glass which frames the coloured portions. But it is, of course, the colouring itself which gives the charm to the whole effect. In the ornamentation, yellows and greens predominate, but richness is given by the clever and sufficient introduction of red, blue and violet. Although it has been thought better to picture the window which gives the history of the owners of the house, yet the south window is, as has been already said, the most beautiful, interesting and complete. It contains the heraldry of



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NORTH WING OF THE CASTLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the Stapletons, Sir William's second wife having been Jane Stapleton, daughter and heir of Brian Stapleton, who had been a younger son of Sir Brian Stapleton of Carlton in Yorkshire. She was a girl of about sixteen when Sir William married her in his middle age, and their only son Thomas was born in 1574. He was, therefore, only a boy of eleven when Dininckhoff signed his completed work. As the third window is devoted to the heraldry of the Constables of Burton Constable, whose connection with the Fairfaxes dates only from 1594, when

Thomas Fairfax, then entering manhood, married Catherine Constable, it is clear that this example of painted glass must date nine or ten years later than the rest, and is probably by another hand. The treatment, however, is similar, though larger in scale and less delicate in design. When Gilling passed into the hands of its present owner in 1904, the leading of these windows (which seems to have been renewed wholly or partly in the eighteenth century) was perishing and the glass considerably broken and occasionally missing. Mr. Hunter insisted on the whole of the re-leading and repairs being done on the spot. The firm that was considered the best for the purpose declined the task under such conditions. They were, however, accepted by another firm, and the result is entirely satisfactory. The admirable care with which broken fragments of old glass have been pieced together and set in lead deserves all praise.

The remarkable character of the surviving Elizabethan work at Gilling is excuse for lingering among it so long; but little space is now left in which to describe the later history of the house and of its possessors. Catherine Constable brought six sons and five daughters to her husband, who succeeded his father in 1597 and who became Viscount Fairfax in 1628. He appears to have preferred Walton to Gilling, and at Walton he expresses a wish to be buried in his will of 1634. But, whatever may have been its fate in the seventeenth century, the amenities of Gilling as a seat were again recognised soon after the eighteenth century opened. The elaboration of its terraces to the south and east and the extent of the great tree-bordered vista which stretches up the rising ground in front of its west or fore-court side show that the Viscount Fairfax of the age of Anne and the first George had the large ideas and classic taste of his day as to the general scheme of his place, as well as to the style and disposition of his abode. Except for the basement and the "great chamber," Gilling became then, and remains now, a fine house after the manner of Sir John Vanbrugh. This fashionable architect was no doubt called upon to furnish many designs, but whether all that have been attributed to him were of his direct invention is another matter. It is not impossible, as in known examples of his work most of the working details and of the supervision were entrusted to another. At Castle Howard, which is only a few miles south of Gilling, Nicholas Hawksmoor was his understudy. Benington, Duncombe and Gilling, all in the same neighbourhood, may well have been from his drawings, although most of the hard work was—in the latter two cases certainly—done by a local man. William Wakefield was born in this neighbourhood, and York seems to have been his headquarters, in whose church of St. Michael-le-Belfry he buried his wife in 1722 and erected a monument over her. Before 1736 he was laid beside her, for in that year was published the "Eboracum" of Francis Drake, who says: "Here lyes also, as yet without any memorial, that worthy gentleman William Wakefield, Esquire, whose great skill in architecture will always be commended as long as the houses of Duncombe Park and Gilling Castle shall stand." As regards the outside, the pictures show that only to the west front was any large measure of architectural character given. On the other sides rubble walling, uncompromisingly plain, and mostly of old date, was built or retained and rows of sash windows set in it. But the west front is of fine ashlar, with centre block and side wings, cornices and string-courses, rusticated architraves and pedimented doorways. A double flight of steps brings us to the central hall, of great height, with plaster panels and floral swags, niches for statues and great fluted pilasters of the Corinthian order flanking the arched doorways. The ceiling, on the other hand, is of that plain vaulted kind which we find at Benington and other houses where Vanbrugh's hand is seen. To the right of the hall, the ante-room between it and the gallery has a fine oak mantel-piece of the Elizabethan age, with inlay and strapwork carving partly gilt, which proves that Sir William did not limit his decorative efforts to the "great chamber," though how much of such work Wakefield swept away we cannot tell. The gallery, a tripartite room 90 ft. long, is a good example of his style. The elaborate work of the panelling, overmantels and dividing colonnades is all of wood, most sharply and crisply carved, and the ceiling is good of the English Louis XV. type. But Wakefield was no master of form and proportion. We must suppose that he put his gallery largely into an old building and so was limited in height by existing floors. To give dignity to a room of such length he made his dividing columns high and topped them with a deep entablature. But then he had very little room left for his central arches, which are mere depressed segments instead of complete semi-circles, as they should have been, and the effect is by no means agreeable, but mars the full effect of an otherwise well-considered scheme. Nor did the nineteenth century improve matters here. The complete and satisfying original scheme of decoration was considered insufficient, and highly-coloured patternings (luckily now much faded) were painted on every flat surface that could be found by Crace in 1846. At about the same period Sir Charles Barry was, by similar treatment, destroying all the spirit of reserve and delicacy which must have distinguished Robert Adam's decorations at

Harewood as he designed and left them. Although the gallery and hall are the most sumptuous and rich of the rooms at Gilling which we owe to Vanbrugh and Wakefield, there are others in the house which, though they may be simpler, are equally, if not even more, successful. Such is the charming little white ante-room (white once more, though Mr. Hunter found it grained oak), with its dignified panelling and cornices and the highly-finished mantel-piece which is illustrated. Within the limits of the old square castle and next to the "great chamber," but looking north, are three bedrooms of much character. The extreme delicacy of the carving of the overmantel and cornice of the centre one of the three—now occupied by the lady of the house—will be apparent by a glance at the accompanying picture, and will serve as a type for the rest. The overdoors in the room are equally fine in their workmanship, and bear the same monogram "C. F." highly entwined and boldly undercut. The house, thus enlarged and enriched by one of the several viscounts whose name was Charles, continued in the male senior line of the Fairfaxes until the death of the ninth Viscount in 1772. Then his daughter, and after her a cousin, Mr. Pigott, came into possession, the latter taking the name of Fairfax. In the next generation the male line again failed, and Gilling passed, in 1885, to Captain Cholmeley, whose son, Mr. Fairfax Cholmeley, sold it in 1895. Nine years later it was again in the market, and then, fortunately, it came into the hands of Mr. W. S. Hunter, whose careful and conservative, yet adequate and thorough, treatment of the additions and renovations under the scholarly advice of Mr. Brierley, York's very able and tasteful architect, has fully preserved the archaeology and historic character of this place of long and varied inhabitation, and yet given it that disposition and convenience, that charm and finish, which make it an entirely enjoyable place of residence. T.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

WASPS AND BEES

IN many localities wasps have been unusually scarce, and it may be that the heavy snows of Easter caused extraordinary mortality among the queens. But even this year I am inclined to be a little sceptical, as a result of our experience hereabouts (in Cambridgeshire). Until the very end of August we had no wasps at all. In the last days of the month a few stragglers appeared, but it was only in September that the wasp season really began. By the second week of September we could have spared a few to any locality which really needed them. The inference is that the bad Easter weather, instead of destroying many queens, delayed them in their work, so that the whole cycle of generation was thrown back. But it would be interesting to hear from correspondents who reported an absence of wasps in the middle of August what the situation was in the middle of September.

A SURFEIT OF EARWIGS.

From another pest we have been extraordinarily free throughout the summer, for roses in this neighbourhood had an almost complete immunity from green-fly. We have not used a spray this year. On the other hand, the profit of the rose-grower in June has been amply discounted by the grief of the dahlia-lover later in the year, for earwigs have swarmed. They seem to have been bad enough everywhere; but I spent a day or two on a visit to an amateur market-gardener who goes in rather heavily for asters as cut flowers. While I was there he was sending to Northern markets some 300 bundles of blooms a day, and for every ten bundles he might have sent a wineglassful of earwigs. In spite of all that well-trained gardeners could do, they were all over the place, inside the house as well as outside, making, in my host's opinion, all records of former "earwig years" ridiculous.

INSECT ARTISANS.

Another insect which is much in evidence at this time of year is the leaf-cutter bee (*Megachile*), which decorates the foliage of our rose trees by cutting pretty scallops in the edges of the leaves. They do no harm, because by August the foliage of our rose trees has lost interest; and their work is so symmetrically done that there is none of the ragged look which leaves get from the depredations of caterpillars. And, while they may be accounted harmless, they are among the most delightfully interesting and ingenious of creatures. The commonest species makes its nest generally in dry or decaying wood, not seldom taking advantage of cracks in window-casings and similar places, indifferent to whether they are inside or outside a window, provided that ingress and egress are easy. At a casual glance the insect is very like a honey-bee, and generally when towards the end of summer you see a solitary bee buzzing about the woodwork of your bedroom window, it is a leaf-cutter looking for an advantageous nesting site.

THE LEAF-CUTTER BEE AT WORK.

If you allow it to go about its business undisturbed it is as likely as not to commence operations in the window-casing inside the room, and then you can watch it daily bringing its clean-cut sections of rose leaves wherewith to line its tunnel. For that is what it cuts the rose leaves for; and there are few more marvellous things in Nature than the ingenuity with which it cuts the sections of different shapes, using an oval one to line the bottom of the hole, so that when rolled it will make a sort of cap to line the extreme end. Next to that, and until the tunnel is lined throughout the length, semi-circular pieces are used, which roll neatly into mere tubes, without any surplus to make an end cap; and finally, it seals the top with a circular piece which fits as neatly as if it had been stamped out with a die. Of these it often uses four or five, in layers one upon the other, till the lodge is tiled to its satisfaction. One tunnel may contain five or six of these cells, each capped, lined and sealed with the same care, and each full of pollen-and-honey food for the young bee larva which will emerge from the egg which is laid in every cell. Finally the mouth of the tunnel is stopped up with earth.

NATURE'S MIRACLES.

By what processes the instinct was developed which teaches the bee to do all this, it is impossible to conjecture. If the tunnels were not lined, the moist food would be absorbed by the more or less porous walls. It would be remarkable enough if the bee merely took leaves which it found lying about and stuffed them into the hole to make a sort of lining; but that it should cut out the pieces which it wants from growing leaves on bushes, and cut



THE WORK OF THE LEAF-CUTTER BEE.

them out regularly of the various forms required for the particular stage of the work in hand, is as nearly incredible as any of the almost incredible things that are done in Nature. The rapidity with which, with its mandibles, it cuts out the section, itself meanwhile hanging on to the piece that is severed, so that as the last snip is given it half falls half flies away with it in its legs, the skill with which it rolls the pieces into tubes and pushes them down the tunnel, the exactness with which it cuts the final circles just to fit the orifice, all are equally wonderful. So, if your rose trees are snipped to bits do not try to kill the snippers, but watch one, if you can, to its nest (and they are easy to follow on the wing when carrying the piece of leaf) and see the stages of the operation.

DEADLY LIME TREES.

On the subject of bees the perennial discussion is again going on as to what causes the death of the humble bees, the bodies of which often strew the

ground under lime trees; and it is curious that a thing which would appear to be so easily settled should remain undecided for so long. Some believe the slaughter to be the work of birds; others suspect wasps. Yet other suggestions are that it is the work of mites or some other minute parasite or even of a fungus. For the bees when found dead are generally only mere shells, having their insides eaten out. This, however, is not invariable. They are often found seemingly drugged and helpless, but quite whole; occasionally, also, they are dead and still whole; so that the stupor (and probably the death) is apparently caused by one thing, and the partial devouring is a separate and subsequent operation. But who or what is the operator?

THE GREAT TIT ON TRIAL.

The only positive statement which I have seen on the subject is that made by Edward Saunders in his little book, "Wild Bees, Wasps and Ants," wherein it is said: "Dead humble bees are often found in numbers in a mutilated state under lime trees. These have been caught after they have filled themselves with honey, and become torpid in consequence, by the great tom-tit and possibly other birds. The bird pecks a hole in the insect's thorax, enjoys the honey which it has eaten and then drops the quivering body which falls to the ground. I once had the opportunity of seeing this slaughter going on and was able to detect the great tom-tit as the murderer." There are several points about the wording of this statement which seem to detract somewhat from its authority; none the less, the statement itself is positive and circumstantial enough.

UNDER WHICH LIME, BEZONIAN?

I confess that I have always been of those who think that the work is done by some creature smaller than a "great tom-tit"; by some instrument finer than the beak of any bird; nor is the hole usually in the thorax. Yet one hesitates to question so definite an assertion as that quietly, and it is curious, when so many people are puzzling their brains over the matter, that the statement of Mr. Saunders has apparently not anywhere been referred to or given publicity. Meanwhile, it is said that this bee mortality does not occur in connection with the ordinary lime (*Tilia europæa*), but only in connection with that tree's cousin, *T. petiolaris*, which is a native of the Crimea. Certainly the dead bees are found most irregularly under lime trees. Hereabouts we have abundance of limes; the road to within 50 yds. of my gate is a lime avenue, but I have seen no dead bees under these trees. On at least two occasions I have, however, found them thick in Gloucestershire and in Sussex, but had not botanical knowledge or observation enough to recognise whether the limes were the common species, only taking it for granted that they were. It would be interesting if those who have limes under which they are accustomed to find dead bees in numbers would report to which variety the trees belong, so that it could be determined whether *T. petiolaris* has a drug-like or narcotic quality which the common lime lacks.

H. P. R.

LITERATURE.

PICTURESQUE INDIA.

India Through the Ages, by F. A. Steel. (Routledge.)

THE history of a country like India, with records stretching back to the beginning of time, with every age a new dynasty and every dynasty a fresh cause for rebellion and disorder, is difficult to condense into the compass of a single volume. But the print is small, and the 360 pages manage to cover the ground from the dawn of the Aryan Settlement to the Mutiny in 1857. Mrs. Steel knows remarkably well how to skim the cream from more exhaustive histories and to get the best from the mass of literature at her disposal; but it is her skill as a story-teller and her sympathy and understanding of the native races that make of the dry bones of history a living drama, instinct with the romance and wonder of the East. Long before there is any authentic history, we glean from the Vedic hymns our knowledge of the Aryan races, those "Children of Light," who settled in India some 2,000 or 3,000 years before Christ. These hymns, natural outpouring of the heart to the "Bright Gods" they worshipped, tell us at once that we are dealing with a people of deep poetic feeling, touched, too, with mysticism that brought them into closer touch with the unseen world than are the common ruck of mankind. And it is, perhaps, from this cause that we are so far from understanding them. Like some Eastern beauty, India hides herself behind a veil of mystery, and we are no nearer guessing her secret to-day when she lies at our feet in chains, than we were at the dawn of her history. Yet the following joyous hymn to the Dawn, sung by a barbaric race 2,000 B.C., is surely not very remote from modern thought and feeling:

Many tinted Dawn! the immortal daughter of Heaven!
Young, white robed, come with thy purple steeds;
Follow the path of the dawns the world has given,
Follow the path of the dawn that the world still needs.
Darkly shining Dusk, thy sister, has sought her abiding,
Fear not to trouble her dreams; daughters, ye twain of the sun,
Dusk and dawn bringing birth! O sisters your path is unending;
Dead are the first who have watched; when shall our waking be done?
Bright luminous Dawn; rose red, radiant, rejoicing!
Show the traveller his road; the cattle their pastures new;
Rouse the beasts of the earth to their truthful myriad voicing,
Leader of lightful days! softening the soil with dew.
Wide expanded Dawn! open the gates of the morning;
Waken the singing birds! Guide thou the truthful light
To uttermost shade of the shadows, for—see you, the dawning
Is born, white shining out of the gloom of the night.

In all her wonderful history, nothing is more wonderful than the 1,000 years, beginning, according to our dating, as 1,000 B.C. In this period, probably the

most remarkable millennium in the world's history, India made such strides in intellectual progress that she was 2,000 years in advance of the rest of the world. This was most markedly seen in religious and speculative thought. Schopenhauer had little to add to the conclusions reached in the Indian Upanishads. He could only re-express for us "the over-soul which is in all souls, which animates all, which illumines all understandings." And are we not still asking with as little knowledge of the reply, "From earth is the breath and the blood; but whence is the soul? What or who is that one who is ever alone; who forms the spheres; who holds the unborn in His hand?" No religion has gripped the world and changed the heart of a people like that which taught "the noble truth of suffering." It is more than 2,000 years since Gautama Buddha was born and preached the Gospel of peace and love, and his followers to-day number one-third of the human race. But not only in this field did India excel. Her laws respecting social life and conduct were no less advanced; both civil and military affairs were regulated by as carefully organised a system as any we have to-day. An interesting example of their idea of justice may be noted in the following: "Taxes payable by those who support themselves by personal labour differ materially from those paid by mere possessors of property." When we get to more modern times we find authentic history falls little behind poetic legend in romantic interest. As king follows king and dynasty succeeds dynasty, the tale becomes more and more engrossing; more and more like an impossible fairy tale with the thread of the story winding in and out of a background of barbaric magnificence and splendour. The campaigns of the Crescent, begun in the tenth century, ran red with blood, countless heroic deeds are chronicled, before Mahomet is fairly established. And then after 400 years even that strong grip is relaxed and India is again plunged into a confusion of petty rebellion. In the thirteenth century a woman ascended the throne, Razia Begum, possessed, so the chronicles tell us, "of every good quality which adorns the ablest princes; and those who scrutinised her actions most severely could find no fault in her but that she was a woman." Poor Razia Begum! So soon to fall a victim to her sex and to the tragedy of India; the inevitable failure of success! But for one glorious era India was to rise above all her troubles; after the Tartar invasion the great Moghuls came into power and ruled India as she had never been ruled before. She grew rich beyond the wildest dreams, and her kings outdid one another in extravagant splendour. Barbar was the first, a poet as well as a king, and one of the most charming personalities known in history. The chronicles of Barbar and of his son Humayon and of little Akbar, born at the lowest ebb of fortune, who was to be Akbar the Great and to rank with the mighty kings and the great men of the world, have nothing to equal them in romantic history. We could wish them a volume to themselves. Grandfather and grandson particularly seem to have been men of extraordinary genius. Akbar's ideal of kingship, which, in ascending the throne as a youth of eighteen, he at once put into practice, gives the key to the nobility of character he afterwards showed; "he conceived that the king

should be the solvent in which caste and creed, even race, should disappear, leaving behind them nothing but equal rights, equal justice, equal law. He should rule, not for one, but for all." With the great Moghuls the independent history of India comes practically to an end. The claim of the merchant is henceforth to make itself heard in India, growing gradually louder, till it drowns all other sounds, and the history of India becomes the history of the East India Company. This and much more we gather from Mrs. Steel's book. Dates and maps and a careful summary of each chapter remind us that we are reading sober history; but Mrs. Steel has made her facts more fascinating than fiction, and we might often forget as we read that this is not another of those graphic novels of Indian life we are accustomed to receive from this author's pen.

LITERARY NOTES.

"SEVEN SPLENDID SINNERS" (T. Fisher Unwin) is a misleading title for the very sober and sound historical essays which compose Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge's book. It is justified only by the fact that the subjects of these essays were in each case sinners, and splendid, each in her own way. But the author is not a novelist; his interest, it is easily seen, does not lie so much in depicting manners or morals as in illuminating history, and the ladies whose biographies are given here took no small share in moulding some of the great events in their time. The Duchesse de Châteauroux, to whom the first place is allotted, belonged to a family of the frail and fair. Her sisters were Mme. de Mailly, Mme. de Vintimille, Mme. de Lauraguais and Mme. de Flavacourt. The author makes the following acute observations upon them: "There is a subtle fascination in the mere sound of these stately and beautiful names so redolent of the *parfum de la vieille cour*, the fascination of luxury, license and intrigue. At the very start one feels sure that the women who bore them had no vulgar ambitions, no commonplace loves or hatreds, no middle-class vices." Nor had they. The next one on the list is Ehrenhard Melusina von der Schulenburg, Duchess of Kendal, which gives the author an opportunity of drawing a striking contrast between the Court of Louis Quinze and that of George I. The Duchess of Kendal, who had been contented with very little at the Hanoverian Court, was

difficult to satisfy when she came to England. When the Duke of Somerset resigned the post of Master of the Horse, she prevailed upon the King, instead of filling it, to leave it vacant and confer the salary upon her, and that was only one of a thousand instances of her greed. When George I. died she was broken-hearted and retired to Brunswick, where she continued to exist for another seventeen years. As a companion picture we have a study of Catherine the Great, who is truly described as one of the most remarkable women in history. Like our own Elizabeth, however, she had qualities that, to a great extent, made up for her defects. Of a different character altogether was Elizabeth Chulleigh, Duchess of Kingston, who attained to her position from a state of the greatest poverty. The Comtesse de Lamotte affords an opportunity for retelling the story, that never grows old, of the Diamond Necklace. Mr. Trowbridge has set forth the well-known facts with a praiseworthy lucidity, and one never feels that the ground has been too well trodden. The Duchesse de Polignac supplies material for an article that deals to a great extent with Marie Antoinette. Lola Montez makes up the total of the sinners, and ends a book in which one never loses interest from start to finish.

There is no chronicler of our time whose records are more amusing than those of Sir F. Carruthers Gould, and a hearty welcome will be extended to his new volume, *F. C. G.'s Froissart's Modern Chronicles, 1903-1906* (T. Fisher Unwin). It is a continuation of those published in 1902 and 1903, and deals with the political events which happened from the end of 1902 to the General Election of 1906. From some points of view the first chapter is the best; it deals with the adventures of Sir John Froissart between Dover and London, and brings in many things which are not directly concerned with politics. There is an inimitable picture of the *Sieur* Hall de Caine on horseback, a splendid caricature of Bernardo de Shaw and another of Gilbert de Chesterton, while Sir Rudyard Kipling is seen flying on horseback and hobbling his nose. But, perhaps, the best cartoon is that entitled "Woman's Rights, from the Suffragettes' Psalter." Much fun is made of the chief personages in the public life of the last four or five years. Sir Joseph de Birmingham, of course, makes a frequent appearance, and so does Sir Arthur de Balfour. The book is a delightful and a not altogether uninteresting commentary on the history of our own time.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

OLD AND NEW.

THE best of all golf links is very much the better for the soaking which the last few weeks have given it. Away back in the summer it was severely sunburnt and in need of rain. Is it necessary to say this description is of the classical old course at St. Andrews? The new course is a good one also, and would be thought highly of if only the other were not beside it; but as a golfer said to me when we were discussing the comparative merits of the two, "There are other courses elsewhere that are like the new course, but there are none anywhere at all like the old." Therein, as it seems to me, he really did the sum "in one." There is a character about the old course that none other has, and, curiously enough, the nearest approach to it is seen in some of those older greens, such as Musselburgh and Leven, rather than in any of the more modern inventions. It is a character not very easy to express in words, but quite distinctly understood and felt by most golfers who have any wide experience of different greens.

CONDITION OF THE

ST. ANDREWS COURSE.

To my mere unprofessional eye, the green at St. Andrews (again I speak of the old course, naturally) looks as if it were in very good order generally; but evidently it does not come up to the ideal of perfection forced for it by Hamilton, the greenkeeper. He has been bemoaning the fact that water is not laid on to all the putting greens. There is, indeed, a little supply from wells sunk locally, but in his view this

is inadequate in quantity and indifferent in quality. Certainly it does seem something of a paradox that almost every little course in the kingdom should have water laid on and the first and finest of them all be without it. One or two of the putting greens, such as that of the seventh and the High holes, for conspicuous example, are not above reproach. They lie high up, with a poor soil, and want attention, which, it is said, is about to be given them; but on the whole the course is in grand condition—only, it can never be quite what it was when the whins made a man go straight for fear of the worst penalties. The pot bunkers are all very well in their way, but you cannot make them ubiquitous, as the whins used to be, on the side of the course. To do this would be to create a Sahara. For all that, golf at St. Andrews remains the best golf in the world, no matter where you look for the second best.

FOURSOMES AND FOUR-BALL MATCHES.

The foursome match at Sheringham, in which Braid and Vardon had the better throughout of Taylor and Massy, suggests the question whether the four-one or the four-ball match is the more interesting form of the game by way of exhibition—that is to say, from the spectators' point of view. It is a question to which I, personally, have only one answer. Whatever one's view may be as to the relative degree of amusement which the players derive from the one mode or the other, there can be no doubt that we, as spectators, see more of the game, can get a better view of more of the shots which go to determine the results, and



MR. LESLIE BALFOUR-MELVILLE.

perhaps have a better exhibition of the *finesse* altogether, in the foursome than in the four-ball. Forming one of a numerous gallery, it is impossible to see all the strokes, or nearly all, of four men playing in the same match if they have a full apiece—that is to say, when the shots are twice as many as they are in a foursome. It is amusing, too, in the foursome to see how one man helps the other out (or lets him in, as the case may be). For every reason, therefore, it seems to me that when exhibition matches are being arranged the spectators get more for their money out of a foursome, although only half the number of shots are played for their delectation, and the executive of most clubs would be well advised if they would weigh this consideration rather carefully before coming to a conclusion as to the mode of the game which they will exhibit when they have caught their great golfers. As a school for the young golfer, it has been pointed out, even to weariness, that the foursome is as good as the four-ball is ineffective; but we do not want too much of the foursome, to the exclusion of the single, for one of the chief lessons that the young golfer has to learn is self-reliance.

GOLF IN AUSTRALIA.

The victory of Mr. Clyde Pearce in the Australian championships, most creditable as a win for a mere lad, and with such an opponent as Mr. Michael Scott in the field, may remind us of the visit to this country of Mr. Arthur Duncan, the New Zealand amateur. I have to confess that for my own part I had quite forgotten it until reminded by Mr. Spencer Gollan. He told me of a match, for money, in which Mr. Duncan met and beat Taylor on level terms on the latter's own course of Mid-Surrey, doing a score which equalled the record on a day bad for golf. Why then do we not hear more of him in the championships of the Antipodes? As for Mr. Pearce, he is described as a slightly made, but very wiry young fellow, of the regular Australian type, all whipcord muscles and not much troubled by nerves. We should like to see him over here. Australia has not been visited by any of our best, which seems a pity, but it is a "far cry."

MR. LAIDLAY AT NORTH BERWICK.

Mr. John E. Laidlay had some compensation for his single stroke defeat by Mr. Dawson, the young Edinburgh University player, in winning the New Club's autumn medal on that North Berwick course where they seem to play for so many medals. It was for the Tantallon Club's medal that Mr. Dawson thus best him. Seventy-eight was Mr. Laidlay's winning score for the New Club's medal, a stroke better than the former winning score of Mr. Dawson. Of course, it was another day, and, so, "another story"; but the conclusion of the whole matter is that at North Berwick, at any rate, if Mr. Laidlay does not win the medal, he is always sure to be "there or thereabouts," and that if he is not quite as good as he used to be, he is at least rather better still than anyone else at North Berwick, especially with Mr. Maxwell playing the *rôle*, which he seems to like best, of Achilles in his tent and Captain Hutchison, for some reason (unknown to me), not appearing in the fighting list at North Berwick or anywhere else in the Lothians, where he is usually on the warpath, and collecting a good many scalps, at this time of year.

MR. LESLIE BALFOUR-MELVILLE.

If only the amateur championship had been invented twenty years or so earlier than it was, possibly not even Mr. John Ball himself would have won it as often as Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville. There was a time, and it lasted for many years, when he was probably the best amateur golfer in Scotland. That he was also the best cricketer, football player and lawn-tennis player are but incidental facts in an athletic career of almost unique distinction. As it is, Mr. Balfour-Melville has only once won the amateur championship, beating Mr. Ball in the final, as he best each of his last three opponents, at the nineteenth hole, every one of them, with admirable docility, topping his approach shot into the burn. The number of medals that he has won at his native St. Andrews surpasses all computation, and he did honour to the highest honour which the Royal and Ancient Club can give by accepting its captaincy the year before last, preceding Lord Stair in that office. His style is a model of correctness, with a fine follow through, and admirable for the pious imitation of the neophyte. It is the style of a man who plays golf, as he plays all his games, with great care and pains, not the dashing and slashing style of genius. Yet its results are above most of those of genius in all departments save that of putting, which has always been the weakness, and the only weakness, of his game.

H. G. H.



MR. J. E. LAIDLAY.

IMPROVEMENTS AT WOKING.

Those Woking golfers, who thought when they went North in August that on their return to Hook Heath in October they would find the links much the same as usual, will be agreeably surprised by the alterations that are at present being made. Woking is famous for its autumnal showers and bunkers; the last two Septembers have seen two particularly heavy showers, which have caused as much criticism and as much accurate play as those responsible for the alterations could have possibly desired. This year the alterations are concerned with three greens, namely, those at the third, seventh and sixteenth holes. At the third hole a new green has been made to the right of the bunker guarding the old one, and the second shot on days when the hole is "reachable" in two will be more interesting. The alteration at the sixteenth has proved a formidable undertaking. A high, grassy bank has been constructed, against which a low shot should pitch so that the ball may run over on to a green of the punch-bowl pattern. With a wind against, it will no doubt be possible to pitch over the bank and stop close to the hole; but on a still day, or with a following wind, the danger of getting a running fall and finding a new bunker beyond the green is very great. The new hole should be a great improvement. The only possible fault to be urged against it is that usually it will not be possible to see the bottom

of the pin; and those golfers, to whom the slightest suspicion of blindness in a hole is anathema, may object. But the chief alteration at Woking is that which is taking place at the seventh green. The old green was a large one—far too large for a one-shot hole—and, in future, the player on the tee will find himself confronted by two semi-circular greens; these two greens will be separated by a grassy spine like ridge, and at the back of each of them there will be two outlets in the shape of bunkers to catch the too-strongly-played tee shot. This method of dividing a large green into two small ones is one to be recommended. In these days, when approaching has been made comparatively easy owing to the rubber-cored ball, large greens, especially at short holes, are to be condemned, since they do not tend to produce accurate and scientific golf. But, though a small green adds interest to the hole, on inland links it is rather a trial to the green-keeper, especially in the winter months, when the turf gets worn and there is consequently great difficulty in finding a suitable spot to place the hole. To have two greens side by side, separated by a grassy ridge, seems to solve the problem both from the green-keeper's and golfer's point of view, for not only can the green-keeper change the position of the hole from A green to B green without altering the character of the hole in the least degree, but the player who makes an accurate shot is more justly rewarded.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES.

There are many who think that the time must come when it will be necessary to have some sort of qualifying competition by score-play in the amateur championship. Such a system is not new; it has been adopted with undoubted success in various professional competitions; it has also found favour in America. The amateur championship of the United States, which has just been decided, has seen a similar system, only on more elaborate lines. On the first day all the competitors played a medal round of eighteen holes; on the second day the leading sixty-four players played a second medal round of eighteen holes; and the first thirty-two players of this competition qualified for the subsequent match-play competition, in which the games of the first round were decided over eighteen holes, all the matches of the subsequent rounds being over thirty-six holes. Of course to some, such a championship seems unnecessarily tedious; to them the playing of eighteen-hole matches, except in the final round, appears to be a sufficiently good test of golf. But it is more than doubtful if the American system of holding a championship is not the correct one. It is a singularly severe test of golf; the strain at the end of such a competition must be terrific; but, after all, the severer the test the greater likelihood is there of victory resting with the strongest player; and that should surely be the object of a championship. It is, moreover, an undoubted fact that with the introduction of the present ball the equality of play among amateurs has increased to such an extent that eighteen holes are not enough for an important match. Any system, therefore, under which the final match will not be the only match of thirty-six holes, and which, nevertheless, allows of the championship being decided in the course of one week, is worth serious consideration. It is, perhaps, significant that under the American system Mr. Travers should have won the championship for the second year in succession, a feat which has never

been performed in our amateur championship, since the advent of the rubber-cored ball. Mr. Travers's only close match was that against Mr. Travis—the similarity of the names is noticeable—in the semi-final, when he won on the thirty-sixth green after playing excellent, if not remarkable, golf in a tournament where the strain must have been very great. We can only hope we shall see Mr. Travers playing in the championship on this side of the Atlantic. His successes for one who is only just in his twenty-second year have been remarkable.

F. H. M.

THE LITTLE OWL.

ALMOST sixty-five years ago, Waterton set free some specimens of this bird in Yorkshire; since then Mr. St. Quintin has repeated the experiment in the same county. Mr. Meade Waldo and the late Lord Lilford have liberated specimens in Hampshire and Northamptonshire respectively, and it is with these latter that I am now dealing. I believe that this is the only experiment that has met with any marked success, though a few specimens, probably descendants from those liberated, have been captured at various times in different parts of England. Last year, while rambling about in Northamptonshire, I frequently disturbed specimens of this pretty little owl. When so disturbed they fly with an uncertain flight, reminding one of large butterflies, and often pursued by a flock of small birds. It struck me that they must breed freely in the district in order to account for the number of them, and this was further strengthened by my finding a single very addled egg in a hole in a willow pollard. As it was late in the year, I concluded that this was the remnant of a clutch of eggs of which all but one had hatched. I visited the same hole this spring, when a little owl flew out. About a fortnight later I again visited the hole, and could see far in two beautiful gleaming eyes and between them a pointed beak—that was all. On again visiting the hole a little later the female was absent, and I discovered five pure white, almost spherical eggs. Shortly afterwards, while looking for a tree-sparrow's nest, I came across another little

owl, which allowed itself to be lifted up in order that I might see how many eggs it had. They proved to be three in number, and the owl, on being replaced, once more settled down and continued her maternal duties, in due course hatching out three sturdy youngsters. Another nest, if such it can be called, for the eggs are laid on the bare wood inside the tree, was in a hole in an elm tree, and in this case again three eggs were laid. I heard of at least a dozen nests being discovered within a two-mile radius of Oundle, a town close to Lord Lilford's seat, and examined eight of the nests myself. They varied from 10ft. to 40ft. from the ground, and the holes usually went in some distance, sometimes as much as 3ft. Willow pollards seemed to be the favourite sites, and I found five nests in this species, two in elm trees and two in oak trees. In a stretch of road about 200yds. long there were three nests, two in elms and one in an oak tree, and in these eleven young were hatched. The parent birds could often be seen leaving and returning to the trees even in broad daylight. On visiting one of the nests several pellets glittering with the wing-cases of beetles, together with a collection of feathers, could always be found.

The young when first hatched are tiny little balls of fluff, and as they get older they apparently try to appear dangerous and hiss and click their beaks at an intruder. They remain in the nest a long time, and if taken young prove very tame and amusing. They have a curious habit of bobbing their heads up and down whenever anything attracts their attention and seem to be trying to view it from all possible positions. The little owl is very insectivorous in diet, and I have seen a large specimen of *Dytiscus marginalis* disappear at a mouthful. I have also seen a mouse treated in the same way. If it does happen to get hold of anything it cannot swallow whole, which is not often, it holds it in one foot and readjusts it, or keeps it up until it can be conveniently dealt with. Not only is the little owl rapidly increasing its numbers in Northamptonshire, but it is almost equally common in parts of Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire, and will no doubt be common all over England before any long period has elapsed.

E. W. TAYLOR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ROMSEY ABBEY IN DANGER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The serious side of the scheme for adding a porch to the north-west doorway of Romsey Abbey appears to me to be the attitude of mind of its promoters. The vicar and churchwardens say that the abbey is a parish church, that their first object is to keep it as such, that the porch will be a convenience to the congregation, and that therefore the porch shall be. Translated into other words, is not this an assertion that splendid ancient monuments, heirlooms of the whole nation, are the private property of a particular religious sect that can do what it likes with the fabric and add to or subtract from it anything they choose according to the whim of momentary fashion? Therefore, although there is a south door in use, no section of the worshippers can be expected, for the mere sake of preserving this noble pile intact, to walk round and enter thereby on the few occasions when a strong north wind may make the opening of the north door inconveniently draughty. A few steps to be taken by a few people is set before the duty of the whole of the present generation of Englishmen to hand down to those that come after this invaluable example of Norman architecture unspoilt by twentieth century imitative Gothic excrescences. If this is to be the practice and the precept of vicars and churchwardens in general, all I have to say is that many of us who have loved and supported our historic State Church as at present constituted will soon be clamouring for its disestablishment and for the handing over of its glorious lanes to a national trust that shall have some appreciation and respect for them.—INDIGNANT.

CATS' AGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The results of your kind insertion of my appeal for information as to cats' ages interested me much, especially the evidence of cats aged twenty and upwards. I am only tantalised to think of the "flood of answers" unpublished, which would have interested me as keenly as other people's babies interest lovers of human young. I do not think twenty-two is an abnormal age for a cat, and have had reliable information of even greater ages. That more proof is not forthcoming of such longevity is, in my opinion, due to the conditions under which cats live. Like the poet, they are "Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love," and these are inimical to long life. They run more risks (from dogs, gardeners, gamekeepers and other foes) than most domestic animals, and many owners still allow or order them to be "turned out" at night all the year round—an antique observance which spells a high death-rate. The cat is a chilly animal, especially liable to certain laryngeal, inflammatory, gastric, spinal and pulmonary complaints induced by exposure, and, in nine cases out of ten, where the cat is ordered to be "destroyed" (not a nice end, generally), lest it should "give baby" some vaguely apprehended complaint or cause its owners annoyance, a little care and shelter would have kept it in health and favour. Dr. St. George Mivart says that "no more complete example of a perfectly organised living being can well be found than that supplied by a member of what has no inconsiderable claims to be regarded as the highest mammalian family—the family *Felidae*," and, under healthy conditions, fed, sheltered and sufficiently "noticed," tame cats do not usually sicken. But "the love of love," as lavished by the "particularly loving and

careful mistress" you mention, is often their undoing. My own rueful experience says so. Well meant but unskilful interference with natural appetites and inclinations, and administration of wrong (and strong) drugs and treatment for supposed malaises, often give an already ailing cat serious disorders. Sick or injured cats usually need a quiet haven, a comfortable dry bed, as little surgery and drugging as possible, and access to Nature's simple medicine chest—grass and freshly-killed meat. The sick or wounded cat (unlike the dog) is a stoic, and may live days or weeks in the family circle with a rabbit-share embedded in the skin of neck or body, unobserved by its owners, or languish for weeks or months with gastric or other trouble, borne in silence to the last. I am rather hurt (for the cat—not for the ladies) at your labelling the cat "the ladies' pet." Cats (unlike lap-dogs) do not tolerate the restrictions of pethood. Dogs are panderers, subservient to and dependent on man, but cats have no menial characteristics whatever. Their aloofness makes them enigmas even to those who, like myself, have an Egyptian regard for them. Grimaldin shares the core of my heart with the horse, and these two have more in common than the casual owner realises. And their cleanliness is quite eerie. The dog's peculiar habits lead to a bodily condition that no cat would tolerate, even at the point of death. Among my feline (which has the same extent as my human) acquaintance, some of the most cherished units are in male possession or care. My acquaintance in general, number at least two women to each man, but some of the keenest cat-lovers are among the men. Of the women, at least two-thirds prefer dogs. Of the large percentage of my acquaintance who dislike cats, the majority are spinsters. It certainly seems that the old maid's reputed corner in cats, which has brought derision on both species, is now a fable. I have compiled a few statistics as to this and find as follows: (1) Of women of all classes whom I know who dislike cats, about 30 per cent. are spinsters and about 20 per cent. are married. (2) Of women of all classes whom I know who are fond of cats, about 60 per cent. are married and about 40 per cent. are spinsters. (3) Of cat-owners of all classes and of both sexes whom I know, about 52 per cent. are women and about 28 per cent. are men. (4) Of these 52 per cent. women cat-owners about 30 per cent. are fond of cats and the remainder either dislike or are indifferent to them. (5) Of the 28 per cent. cat-owners who are men all are fond of cats, and nearly all specially cherish them. Some of these blush, perhaps, to own their preference for the tiger's kin to that of the wolf or jackal, and eke out precarious reputations by owning dogs as well. Since writing the above I have read in your issue of September 19th of the "patriarchal but ghastly" tom of thirty summers whom "North Lanes" was privileged to see. This breaks my longest record. I wish I could have this veteran's address, if he still lives. I should sue for an audience at once.—G.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Last winter a Persian cat of mine died at the age of 17½ years. He was born in an English orphanage in Paris in 1890, was brought by me to London while still a small kitten, and spent his subsequent days in two hospitals and a convalescent home in this country. He was fond of meat, fish and milk; but a cat's earthenware trough was always kept full of water, and he drank from it often. He had once a cyst in his ear, and once what looked like influenza. At 16½ years he had an abscess in his side which very

nearly necessitated the lethal chamber. But he suddenly recovered and spent a healthy and pleasant year. For some years he had been stone deaf; but he was playful and fairly agile till the last. A return of the abscess last winter made it necessary for him to go through the process called "senting him to the vet." Chou Chou had a lovely coat, and weighed between 12lb. and 13lb.—A. C. SAW.

GOATS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is an indication of the progress of goat-keeping in this country that the Stud Goat Register Circular of the British Goat Society is now a publication of seven pages of print. In the issue of the Circular just published, Essex is the county responsible for the largest number of entries, fifteen stud goats hailing from it. Of course, all the goats registered are pedigree animals. The stud fees range from 3s. to £1 11s. 6d.—H. C.

THE MONKS' BRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Old-world bridges are always more picturesque than modern ones, and that shown in the photograph is perhaps one of the most charming in the country. This is the Crossag, or Monks' Bridge, near Rushen Abbey, in the Isle of Man. Rushen Abbey, although so far away from the Court, was not too remote to escape the attention of Henry VIII. and his Commissioners, and in 1545 Thomas Stanley, Bishop of the Island, was deprived of his episcopacy, perhaps on account of his resistance to the Royal will and pleasure. The abbey seems to have escaped dissolution until the reign of James I., when the endowments reverted to the Crown, and were then granted to William Earl of Derby on payment of an annual rental of £122 12s. 11d.

The bridge was used by the monks of the abbey, hence its name. It is now, of course, very much worn by weather, and, mellowed by time in its sylvan surroundings, presents a delightful picture. It has been so substantially built of strong limestone that one may still cross it as safely as did the monks of old. The stream is here about 10 yds. wide and the bridge consists of two larger and one smaller arches. On the upstream side are two buttresses to protect the structure against the current.—W. H. KNOWLES.



HOW BIRDS START TO FLY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Some time ago there were some interesting photographs in COUNTRY LIFE of birds just commencing to take flight from a perch. These were of finches—short-winged birds, the most difficult of all to observe, because their wings move so very quickly. I did not gather quite certainly from the article what the writer considered to be the sequence of movements, but I think that in his opinion the raising of the wings—raising, rather as distinct from spreading—preceded by a fraction of a second the jump off the perch given by the birds' feet. Certainly this is the sequence we should expect, for it is evident that if the raising of the wings were done a moment after the jump was given the effect would be rather to counteract the jump. My object in troubling you with this letter is to mention an experience of my own which bears on the subject. I had shot a grey plover on perfectly level common ground, close grazed by sheep. I have to confess, with shame, that I shot the bird on the ground, my only excuse being that I was a boy at the time and that the stalk had been long. I had no dog. The unfortunate bird was not dead, but flipped over the ground before me. I could see that both its legs were broken. In process of its flipping it came to a sharp cut ditch made to run the water off, and the moment it found itself thus in the air it spread its perfectly uninjured wings and went off clean out of sight—of course, to die a miserable death. This story indicates the utter inability of a bird of that species—and probably what is true of this species is true of most of its family—to rise off level ground unless it gets the jump from the legs to put it into the air. More than this, we often see birds of this kind taking a little run before their jump, as if they wanted the help of a certain speed, as an aeroplane needs it, for starting off. It is all part of a very interesting subject, on which your photographs help to shed light.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

A SMALL HOLDER ON HIS FRUIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My fruit plantation consists of two acres of apples, plums and damsons as top fruit, and strawberries, gooseberries, raspberries and red and black currants as bottom fruit.

Green Gooseberries were the first crop to pick and market. My young bushes of Whinham's Industry and Crown Bob, the earliest and finest

varieties of this fruit, yielded abundantly—three bushels in all. I sent the first bushel to Covent Garden as an experiment. The price that week on the market was 7s. 6d. per half-bushel. I, however, was credited with 9s. only, less 2s. 3d. commission and carriage; that is to say, I got 6s. 9d. for my bushel, instead of 15s. from my nearest greengrocer. After this I sent the gooseberries in to the nearest country town, and sold them to greengrocers at prices varying from 5s. to 3s. 6d. per half-bushel, according to the state of the market. It takes a man or woman an hour to pick a peck of green gooseberries in the earliest part of the season. When the price drops to less than 3s. the half-bushel, gooseberries become, for me, an unprofitable crop. The thinning-out process of picking them green leaves room for those that are left to ripen and swell into large fruit, so that one can fill a half-bushel basket more rapidly with ripe gooseberries than when they are green. Half-a-crown for ripe gooseberries may be as profitable to pick as 5s. for unripe ones. It must be remembered, too, that picking the fruit green helps the growth of young bushes immensely. I have sold my ripe gooseberries for 3s. 6d. and 4s. per half-bushel, picking altogether from ten to twelve bushels. It is no use growing a small berry nowadays; the large reds are the favourites in the market.

Strawberries.—The open strawberry bed of twenty rows and the rows between the fruit trees and bushes cover about a quarter of an acre of ground. These are of the Royal Sovereign and Paxton varieties. The fruit has had to be closely netted against the attacks of birds, for my land is surrounded by preserves. Anyone investing in fish-netting should see that he gets somewhere near the width ordered. It is a trick of the trade to say that the "measurements are not guaranteed." I have bought netting purporting to be 21ft. wide, which, when laid out, covered only three rows of strawberries. We had three weeks of unclouded strawberry weather of golden sunshine;

but we could have wished sometimes for cloudy weather, when we bent our backs under the burning sun from three o'clock to half-past five, the berries turning crimson as we picked. The entire crop of strawberries was sold to a greengrocer five miles away. He preferred to have the fruit in the evening, so that he could go round with it to the houses before breakfast the next morning, his trade being with "the gentry," who know the best time of the day to eat strawberries. Strawberries, if picked dry in the afternoon, keep better than those picked with the morning dew on them. The total sales amounted to £8 5s., averaging 3½d. per pound during the

three weeks of continuous picking. I arranged to take the strawberries to the greengrocer four days out of the six; he called for them the other two days. Half a ton of straw to keep the fruit clean was used to a quarter of an acre of strawberries, and from 30lb. to 50lb. were picked every day. Strawberries are not as convenient a crop for me, personally, to grow as other fruit on my little farm, because the bulk of the picking always takes place while we are busy haymaking; but in the face of the fact that I was able to realise 3s. 6d. per 12lb. peck in a year of a glutted strawberry market, I have been tempted to layer runners for the making of many fresh rows. The runners should be taken from the best fruiting year old plants, and not from the worn-out beds. It is a capital plan to plant three in a triangle instead of a single plant in the row; the resulting heavier crop pays for netting.

Currants.—Red currants, as far as my experience goes, are the least profitable of all fruit to market. I find that when red currants have to be sold for 3s. the 12lb. peck—which is about their market price this year—they are not a profitable crop to grow, and it is better to "jam" or bottle the entire lot than to sell them. The birds here are very troublesome. When the fruit is ripening I have to go round and tie up every bush in old muslin meat muffers. These muffers are hard to obtain nowadays, as there is an increasing demand for them by motor makers and repairers. Think, too, of the time it takes to pick even a gallon of red currants after you have secured your crop of beautiful crimson berries. Black currants have been fetching about double the price of red currants; but I prefer to "jam" these rather than to sell them at 4s. per half-bushel. At 6s., as lately, it pays to market them; but, taking into account the depredation of birds, the spread of the black mite disease and the cost of picking, I would rather cultivate any other fruit than currants.

Raspberries.—Raspberries are a good paying crop in the punnet stage—that is to say, when one can make 5d. or 6d. a pound on them—but when most of the crop has to be bulked for the jammers on a glutted market, as has happened this year, it is better to jam or bottle the fruit yourself and make your own delicious preserves rather than to purchase an inferior compound known as "raspberry jam."—F. E. GREEN.

STRAIGHT FROM THE COW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—The accompanying snap-shot depicts a scene at Gunbarn Farm, Grimley, near Worcester, the two household cats being seen drinking milk straight from the cow; they never fail morning or night to attend



milking operations, and generally get a good share of the milk. I took the snap-shot myself a few weeks ago, and think it may be of interest to your readers.—C. T. PHILLIPS.

THE WESTBURY (WILTS) WHITE HORSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—The letter of Mr. C. W. Hughes in your issue of Sept. 12 induces me to send the dimensions of the above, which is plainly visible from the Great Western Railway between Bristol and Salisbury. I took the measurements on Christmas Day, 1867:

	Yds.	ft.	in.
Fore foot to top of shoulder	...	41	0 8
Depth of body	...	13	0 8
Length of body	...	60	0 0
Length of tail	...	22	1 8
Across hind leg	...	10	2 8
Circumference of eye	...	10	2 8

The depth from the turf was about 2ft. The horse is "scoured," or, more properly, trimmed—or ought one to say groomed?—at long intervals, and, needless to say, every time it is done the horse grows larger.—J. BROWN.

A TAME PEACOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I am enclosing a photograph of a rather exceptionally tame peacock, which may possibly be of interest to your readers. He follows me about and discriminates carefully between strangers and friends, both human and canine, so that I think his powers of observation must be rather unusual for a peacock. He encourages me, tolerates my dog, persecutes his wives, tortures his nephews and, alas! has murdered his brother, so I am afraid one can only say his line of head is more strongly marked than his line of heart, in spite of this engaging picture of amity.—LILIAS SPENCER NAIKNE.

LATE NESTING OF BULLFINCH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR.—The actions of captive birds are, of course, not always a criterion of their habits when in a natural state; but it may be of some interest to Mr. Hutchinson and others to know that a pair of bullfinches which I have in an outdoor aviary had no fewer than four nests of eggs this summer, the last nest being forsaken on August 16th. No young were hatched I regret to say; why, it is hard to imagine, as the birds are quite healthy and delightfully tame. Thinking that they were disturbed over their arrangements for the first nest by some greenfinches, I gave these latter their liberty, and the hen bullfinch was not long before she laid a second batch of eggs, three in number, as was the case in the first. On these she sat for

over three weeks, when I took them away, basket and all. In about a week or more I saw her, to my surprise, sitting in another basket, and found she had two eggs this time, but no nesting material whatever in the little wicker basket. Not being able to find her away from the nest at any time, I drove her off and put a "felt lining" in the basket. This so offended her that she declined absolutely to resume her sitting, and I took the two eggs, but left the basket. In about another week she had two more eggs in it; on these she sat for not quite a fortnight, and then forsook them, as I say, on August 16th. Mr. Hutchinson's phrase, "twig-basket of a nest," is significant and interesting to me. We have no bullfinches here in South-West Lancashire, and I have never seen a bullfinch's nest. I gave my tame bird "canary-nest" material, *i.e.*, moss and cow-hair, as well as a discarded thrush-nest to pull to pieces. She made a half-hearted attempt to build the first nest among some dead and interlacing pine branches (this was when I judged the greenfinches were troublesome), but eventually took to the wicker baskets. All she would put in these, lined or unlined, were one or two fine rootlets, and one or two beakfuls of "combs" from a light-coloured donkey. As far as could be judged the eggs were quite unfertile. In some the contents had dried to the "rattling" stage. I forgot to say that the nest-baskets were in a covered portion of the aviary. Did this make the nests too dry, I wonder?—J. B. W.

OLD BRONZE LAMP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Enclosed is a photograph of an old bronze lamp. Could you or any of your readers tell me what it is? I have never seen or heard of one like it before. The handle appears to be a cross with a dove upon it. The whole



thing has a look of great antiquity, and I should be so much obliged to anyone who could throw some light on the subject.—FRANCES PITT.

BLACKBERRY PRESERVE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—At this season of the year, when blackberries are plentiful, the following recipe can be highly recommended for an excellent preserve made from this wild native fruit. Take any quantity of ripe blackberries and simmer them in a preserving pan over the fire until quite tender and juicy. Remove them from the fire and rub them through a hair sieve or coarse

cloth, so as to get all the pulp and juice through but extract the seeds. To every pound of pulp and juice add half a pound of crushed lump sugar, and boil quickly for half-an-hour. The preserve is much improved by adding a few sloes to the blackberries, which must be simmered with them, and also rubbed through the sieve, just to give a zest to the flavour; but not more in proportion than half a pound of sloes to five pounds of blackberries. The jelly made from the berries of the rowan tree is a favourite delicacy in the North of England, but is very much condemned in Switzerland, where it is said that any concoction from the juice of these berries

will "take away the memory." A myth, of course, as it is freely used in Scotland, and Scotch memories are not usually considered short. This jelly can be made in the same way as in the old recipe for American crab jelly, and is used for dessert with biscuits, or as a substitute for red-currant jelly with roast mutton. In the "North Country" it is usually taken in preference when handed at the same time. It does not seem to make its way South, as it is never seen in London.—MARTLET.

